

New York Saturday Journal

A HOME WEEKLY FOR WINTER NIGHTS AND SUMMER DAYS.

Entered according to act of Congress, in the year 1873, by BEADLE AND ADAMS, in the office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

Vol. VI.

E. F. Beadle,
William Adams,
David Adams, PUBLISHERS.

NEW YORK, APRIL 10, 1875.

TERMS IN ADVANCE

One copy, four months, \$1.00.
One copy, one year . . . 3.00.
Two copies, one year . . . 5.00.

No. 265.



"Reckon I'd better travel," said Dandy Jim. "You've got too many airthquakes round hyer fur me."

ALONE

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

Here in the twilight's shadows
I'm sitting all alone,
And my thoughts are drifting backward
To days forever flown.
And I think of faces, hidden
Under the drifted snow,
Where the robins sing in summer,
And the daisies bud and blow.

Oh, faces of loved and lost ones
Held dear under the snow,
On voices whose tender music
Was hushed so long ago.
If you could but come to us, sometime,
The width of a grave across,
To tell us we are not forgotten,
We could better bear your loss.

Overland Kit:
THE IDYL OF WHITE PINE.

BY ALBERT W. AIKEN,
AUTHOR OF "WITCHES OF NEW YORK," "WOLF DEMON," "WHITE WITCH," ETC.

CHAPTER IV.

THE MAN FROM RED DOG.

"WHAT'S the matter, Dick?" asked the girl, anxiously.

"Oh, nothing; only a little nervous attack, that's all," he replied, recovering himself with a great effort.

Talbot sat facing the door, while Jimmie had her back to it, so that she had not noticed the entrance of the stranger.

"Good-evenin', Miss Jimmie," said Bill, the driver, advancing to the girl. Mr. Remet and Bernice followed; both of them had seen so many strange sights in their western journey, that they were not much surprised when Bill introduced Jimmie as the hotel owner.

"I'll do the best I can for you, Miss," said Jimmie, politely, when she learned that it was the intention of the strangers to remain with her for a week or so. "But, we're pretty well crowded; we hain't got many rooms, but I reckon I'll be able to fix you, somehow."

"You can have my room, Jimmie," Talbot said, his head down, resting on his arms, which were laid upon the table, and thus hiding his features from view.

Bernice and the old lawyer looked at Talbot in astonishment, his appearance was so different from the rest of the inmates of the saloon.

"But, where will you go, Dick?" asked Jimmie, anxiously.

"Oh, anywhere; I'll get along well enough," Dick replied, never raising his head from the table.

The man from Red Dog was a tall, gaunt figure, with a thin face and a prominent nose. He had a dark complexion and short, curly hair. He was wearing a dark coat and a wide-brimmed hat.

"I am very much obliged to you, sir," Bernice said, in a low, sweet, lady-like voice, that was such a contrast to the clear, ringing tones of Jimmie.

Talbot shivered when the tones of Bernice's voice fell on his ears, as though an icy wind, fresh from the north, had blown full upon him.

"This way, Miss; I'll show you to your room at once; and you, sir," said Jimmie, addressing the old lawyer, "I'll have to put you in the room with Bill, here. It's the best I can do."

"You'll be as snug as a pint of bourbon in a miner's bullet, old hoss!" Bill exclaimed, slapping Rennet familiarly on the back, with his huge paw. "Say, I hope you allers keep your own side of the bed, 'cos when I bunks in with strangers, I allers go to bed with spurs on."

"Yes, yes, I see—quite a joke," said the old lawyer, affecting to enjoy the remark of the facetious stage-driver, though, in his heart, he curbed the fellow's insolence.

As Bernice passed by Bill, following Jimmie, she said, quickly:

"What's the name of that gentleman in black?" indicating Talbot, as she spoke.

"Injun Dick."

"Indian Dick?" Bernice exclaimed, in amazement, at the strange appellation.

"Yes, sirree! Injun Dick Talbot. He's the big shanghai round this ranche."

Without further words, Bernice left the room, following Jimmie and the old lawyer. She had taken a sudden and strange interest in the stranger, whose voice alone she had heard; whose face she had not seen.

Bernice found that the room assigned to her was in the front of the building and looked out upon the only street of which Spur City could boast.

It was small, plainly-furnished, but fitted up neatly and tastily. A woman's hand, though, was plainly evident in the simple adornments.

In the silence of the little room, Bernice pondered first on the man who bore the strange name of "Injun Dick," and then upon the masked horsemen who had pronounced her name at the first glance.

"Something tells me that here in this place I shall find what I seek," she murmured, as she prepared to disrobe for bed.

Hardly had she commenced to undress, when a terrible series of yells, coming from the saloon below, fell upon her ears. She paused to listen.

After Jimmie and the two strangers left the saloon, Talbot raised his head and looked around him. His face was pale as the face of the dead; great drops of sweat stood like orient pearls upon his white forehead, which the broad-brimmed slouch hat had protected from

the sun.

"But, where will you go, Dick?" asked Jimmie, anxiously.

"Oh, anywhere; I'll get along well enough," Dick replied, never raising his head from the table.

The man from Red Dog was a tall, gaunt figure, with a thin face and a prominent nose. He had a dark complexion and short, curly hair. He was wearing a dark coat and a wide-brimmed hat.

"I am very much obliged to you, sir," Bernice said, in a low, sweet, lady-like voice, that was such a contrast to the clear, ringing tones of Jimmie.

Talbot shivered when the tones of Bernice's voice fell on his ears, as though an icy wind, fresh from the north, had blown full upon him.

"This way, Miss; I'll show you to your room at once; and you, sir," said Jimmie, addressing the old lawyer, "I'll have to put you in the room with Bill, here. It's the best I can do."

"You'll be as snug as a pint of bourbon in a miner's bullet, old hoss!" Bill exclaimed, slapping Rennet familiarly on the back, with his huge paw. "Say, I hope you allers keep your own side of the bed, 'cos when I bunks in with strangers, I allers go to bed with spurs on."

"Yes, yes, I see—quite a joke," said the old lawyer, affecting to enjoy the remark of the facetious stage-driver, though, in his heart, he curbed the fellow's insolence.

As Bernice passed by Bill, following Jimmie, she said, quickly:

"What's the name of that gentleman in black?" indicating Talbot, as she spoke.

"Injun Dick."

"Indian Dick?" Bernice exclaimed, in amazement, at the strange appellation.

"Yes, sirree! Injun Dick Talbot. He's the big shanghai round this ranche."

Without further words, Bernice left the room, following Jimmie and the old lawyer. She had taken a sudden and strange interest in the stranger, whose voice alone she had heard; whose face she had not seen.

Bernice found that the room assigned to her was in the front of the building and looked out upon the only street of which Spur City could boast.

It was small, plainly-furnished, but fitted up neatly and tastily. A woman's hand, though, was plainly evident in the simple adornments.

In the silence of the little room, Bernice pondered first on the man who bore the strange name of "Injun Dick," and then upon the masked horsemen who had pronounced her name at the first glance.

"Something tells me that here in this place I shall find what I seek," she murmured, as she prepared to disrobe for bed.

Hardly had she commenced to undress, when a terrible series of yells, coming from the saloon below, fell upon her ears. She paused to listen.

After Jimmie and the two strangers left the saloon, Talbot raised his head and looked around him. His face was pale as the face of the dead; great drops of sweat stood like orient pearls upon his white forehead, which the broad-brimmed slouch hat had protected from

the sun.

"But, where will you go, Dick?" asked Jimmie, anxiously.

"Oh, anywhere; I'll get along well enough," Dick replied, never raising his head from the table.

The man from Red Dog was a tall, gaunt figure, with a thin face and a prominent nose. He had a dark complexion and short, curly hair. He was wearing a dark coat and a wide-brimmed hat.

"I am very much obliged to you, sir," Bernice said, in a low, sweet, lady-like voice, that was such a contrast to the clear, ringing tones of Jimmie.

Talbot shivered when the tones of Bernice's voice fell on his ears, as though an icy wind, fresh from the north, had blown full upon him.

"This way, Miss; I'll show you to your room at once; and you, sir," said Jimmie, addressing the old lawyer, "I'll have to put you in the room with Bill, here. It's the best I can do."

"You'll be as snug as a pint of bourbon in a miner's bullet, old hoss!" Bill exclaimed, slapping Rennet familiarly on the back, with his huge paw. "Say, I hope you allers keep your own side of the bed, 'cos when I bunks in with strangers, I allers go to bed with spurs on."

"Yes, yes, I see—quite a joke," said the old lawyer, affecting to enjoy the remark of the facetious stage-driver, though, in his heart, he curbed the fellow's insolence.

As Bernice passed by Bill, following Jimmie, she said, quickly:

"What's the name of that gentleman in black?" indicating Talbot, as she spoke.

"Injun Dick."

"Indian Dick?" Bernice exclaimed, in amazement, at the strange appellation.

"Yes, sirree! Injun Dick Talbot. He's the big shanghai round this ranche."

Without further words, Bernice left the room, following Jimmie and the old lawyer. She had taken a sudden and strange interest in the stranger, whose voice alone she had heard; whose face she had not seen.

Bernice found that the room assigned to her was in the front of the building and looked out upon the only street of which Spur City could boast.

It was small, plainly-furnished, but fitted up neatly and tastily. A woman's hand, though, was plainly evident in the simple adornments.

In the silence of the little room, Bernice pondered first on the man who bore the strange name of "Injun Dick," and then upon the masked horsemen who had pronounced her name at the first glance.

"Something tells me that here in this place I shall find what I seek," she murmured, as she prepared to disrobe for bed.

Hardly had she commenced to undress, when a terrible series of yells, coming from the saloon below, fell upon her ears. She paused to listen.

After Jimmie and the two strangers left the saloon, Talbot raised his head and looked around him. His face was pale as the face of the dead; great drops of sweat stood like orient pearls upon his white forehead, which the broad-brimmed slouch hat had protected from

the sun.

"But, where will you go, Dick?" asked Jimmie, anxiously.

"Oh, anywhere; I'll get along well enough," Dick replied, never raising his head from the table.

The man from Red Dog was a tall, gaunt figure, with a thin face and a prominent nose. He had a dark complexion and short, curly hair. He was wearing a dark coat and a wide-brimmed hat.

"I am very much obliged to you, sir," Bernice said, in a low, sweet, lady-like voice, that was such a contrast to the clear, ringing tones of Jimmie.

Talbot shivered when the tones of Bernice's voice fell on his ears, as though an icy wind, fresh from the north, had blown full upon him.

"This way, Miss; I'll show you to your room at once; and you, sir," said Jimmie, addressing the old lawyer, "I'll have to put you in the room with Bill, here. It's the best I can do."

"You'll be as snug as a pint of bourbon in a miner's bullet, old hoss!" Bill exclaimed, slapping Rennet familiarly on the back, with his huge paw. "Say, I hope you allers keep your own side of the bed, 'cos when I bunks in with strangers, I allers go to bed with spurs on."

"Yes, yes, I see—quite a joke," said the old lawyer, affecting to enjoy the remark of the facetious stage-driver, though, in his heart, he curbed the fellow's insolence.

As Bernice passed by Bill, following Jimmie, she said, quickly:

"What's the name of that gentleman in black?" indicating Talbot, as she spoke.

"Injun Dick."

"Indian Dick?" Bernice exclaimed, in amazement, at the strange appellation.

"Yes, sirree! Injun Dick Talbot. He's the big shanghai round this ranche."

Without further words, Bernice left the room, following Jimmie and the old lawyer. She had taken a sudden and strange interest in the stranger, whose voice alone she had heard; whose face she had not seen.

Bernice found that the room assigned to her was in the front of the building and looked out upon the only street of which Spur City could boast.

It was small, plainly-furnished, but fitted up neatly and tastily. A woman's hand, though, was plainly evident in the simple adornments.

In the silence of the little room, Bernice pondered first on the man who bore the strange name of "Injun Dick," and then upon the masked horsemen who had pronounced her name at the first glance.

"Something tells me that here in this place I shall find what I seek," she murmured, as she prepared to disrobe for bed.

Hardly had she commenced to undress, when a terrible series of yells, coming from the saloon below, fell upon her ears. She paused to listen.

After Jimmie and the two strangers left the saloon, Talbot raised his head and looked around him. His face was pale as the face of the dead; great drops of sweat stood like orient pearls upon his white forehead, which the broad-brimmed slouch hat had protected from

the sun.

"But, where will you go, Dick?" asked Jimmie, anxiously.

"Oh, anywhere; I'll get along well enough," Dick replied, never raising his head from the table.

The man from Red Dog was a tall, gaunt figure, with a thin face and a prominent nose. He had a dark complexion and short, curly hair. He was wearing a dark coat and a wide-brimmed hat.

"I am very much obliged to you, sir," Bernice said, in a low, sweet, lady-like voice, that was such a contrast to the clear, ringing tones of Jimmie.

Talbot shivered when the tones of Bernice's voice fell on his ears, as though an icy wind, fresh from the north, had blown full upon him.

"This way, Miss; I'll show you to your room at once; and you, sir," said Jimmie, addressing the old lawyer, "I'll have to put you in the room with Bill, here. It's the best I can do."

"You'll be as snug as a pint of bourbon in a miner's bullet, old hoss!" Bill exclaimed, slapping Rennet familiarly on the back, with his huge paw. "Say, I hope you allers keep your own side of the bed, 'cos when I bunks in with strangers, I allers go to bed with spurs on."

"Yes, yes, I see—quite a joke," said the old lawyer, affecting to enjoy the remark of the facetious stage-driver, though, in his heart, he curbed the fellow's insolence.

As Bernice passed by Bill, following Jimmie, she

Bernice's lips; yet still, with a face pale with agony, she pressed her temples against the window-pane.

The rough crowd had not noticed the glance of Injun Dick directed at the window; had not heard the sigh of anguish that had been wrung from Bernice's overwrought heart.

At Talbot's sudden, and to them astonishing, faint, they had gathered eagerly around him.

"Somethin' bu'st!" cried Bill, sagely, kneeling by the side of the prostrate man, and extending his arms as if to raise him from the ground. But, before the stage-driver could carry out his intentions, Jinnie burst impetuously through the crowd, pushing the miners right and left in her hurry.

With a quick, energetic motion, like a tiger mother springing forward in defense of her young, Jinnie pushed Bill away. Losing his balance, the stage driver sprawled over on the flat of his back, like a gigantic frog.

The girl raised the head of the fallen man from the ground and supported it on her knee. With pale features, lips tightly compressed, and eyes shooting lurid fires, Jinnie looked into Talbot's face. She tore open the bandage of the shirt that seemed to compress the swollen neck.

"Get me some whisky, quick, some of you!" she cried. The crowd had discreetly fallen back a little after the girl's appearance. There was something terrible in her grief that impressed even the rude miners with awe.

Two or three of the crowd ran into the saloon after the whisky.

Jinnie bent over the pale face; her long hair had escaped from the knot that usually held it in place and came down like a red screen around the shapely head of Talbot. Concealed by the tangled mass of hair that half hid her action from the gaze of the wondering crowd, Jinnie kissed the pale lips of the senseless man with a dozen or more eager, burning kisses, as though she thought the fire of her lips would woo him back to life.

She thought not of those that stood around her; she would have done the same had all the world witnessed the action.

The color came back to the pale lips; the passionate kisses had accomplished their object; Talbot was reviving.

The girl raised her tearless eyes—there was too much fire in her soul for tears—joyfully to heaven. Her eyes rested on the pale face of Bernice, pressed against the glass. Had not Bernice been clad in her night-dress, robed for rest, she too would have sprung as eagerly as the other to the assistance of the fallen man.

With the quick instinct of woman, Bernice had guessed what had taken place, when the red-gold hair of Jinnie had swept, screen-like, around the face of Talbot. She could hear eager kisses wooing life into the cold lips, though they reached no other ears. That little minute was an hour of torture to the soul of Bernice.

The eyes of the two girls met.

A single glance; but a glance of hatred met and returned.

"She loves him too!"

Four unspoken words, flashing through two brains at the same moment: from that moment Bernice Gwyne, the woman who seeks, and Jinnie, the girl who runs the Eldorado saloon, knew that they were bitter enemies.

With a roar and a howl, the three miners rushed from the saloon with a bottle of whisky, to which the Heathen Chinee, Ah Ling, clung with the courage of desperation.

"'Milican man, no have—payee, alle same?" he screamed, in remonstrance.

When the three rough fellows had rushed into the saloon and seized the first bottle that came handy and prepared to depart with it, the faithful "Chinee" had battled manfully with the thieves, as he supposed the intruders to be, as they hadn't tendered payment for the whisky or given any explanation.

"All right, Heathen," said Jinnie, taking the liquor. There was a strange, unnatural tone in the girl's voice. A forced calmness that seemed to tell of a raging fire within; something like the thin crust that covers the volcano's flame.

The Chinaman retreated into the saloon again, smiling blandly.

Jinnie poured the whisky into the hollow of her hand and dashed it upon the head that lay on her knee.

The smell of the potent spirits finished what the kisses of the girl had begun. Strange medicines, the pure and dewy lips of the girl, and the fiery incense of the soul-destroying liquor.

Slowly Talbot opened his eyes and looked around him, with a wondering gaze.

"Be a man, Dick," murmured Jinnie, reproachfully, in his ear. "You have fainted like a girl."

There was just a little touch of reproof in the girl's voice.

"Come now, git on your pegs!" cried the red-shirted miner, who began to bluster again, thinking from Talbot's sudden illness that he had an easy job before him. "Stand up an' take your gruel like a man. I kin hug a b'ar to death, I kin. I'm the caviton' grizly from Red Dog, who-o-ops!"

"Say, Dick, lemme peel the hide off this ring-tailed mule!" cried Ginger Bill, who had risen to his feet after being pushed over by Jinnie's impetuous rush, and stood quietly by, looking on.

"No, no," replied Talbot, rising to his feet, his strength having apparently all returned to him. "I ask no man to fight my battles. This fellow wants a lesson; he shall have one. Jinnie, go in; this is no place for you;" but, even as he spoke in a chiding tone, he pressed the brown hand of the girl within his own, softly.

The pressure brought the quick, tell-tale blood to the cheeks and forehead of the girl; her eyes, too, flashed with a joyous light.

Without a word, she quitted his side, and went toward the saloon.

A single glance she gave at the pale face that still was pressed against the window-glass above. Upon her features was a look of defiance of triumph. Bernice answered it with a scornful, contemptuous glance.

Rivals for one man's love were now those two girls, who, but an hour before, had never seen each other.

CHAPTER VI.

TWO LOVES FOR ONE HEART.

A DEEP silence reigned among the rough crowd as Talbot stepped forward and confronted the giant.

The contrast between the two was great; not that there was such a difference between them in size, for, now that the miners had doffed his high-crowned hat, and bared his arms, he did not appear to be a great deal larger in frame than his opponent—only tall-

er. His arms were larger, but the bulk came from pounds of useless flesh, not from sinew and muscle.

A pugilist would have looked with admiration upon the easy and graceful posture of Injun Dick, as he carelessly threw himself into position and faced the miner.

It was the old story over again; brute strength against cultivated skill.

A desperate rush the miner made at his opponent. His brawny arms cut the air as blow succeeded blow, but their force was wasted upon empty space. Agile and graceful as a dancing-master, Dick either stepped back out of reach, or warded off the blows, as the rock throws aside the breaking wave.

Out of breath the giant paused.

"Putty man you are, ain't ye? Why don't you stand still and lemme hit you? You wuss ter a perarier dog!" growled the miner, breathlessly.

Without replying, Talbot measured the distance, and sent out his right arm, as if intending to strike the giant on the breast. Clumsily the miner dropped his arm to ward off the blow, when, quick as a flash, rap! tap! the knuckles of Talbot left their mark on the face of his opponent; then Dick jumped back again, out of distance, and, putting down his hands, laughed at the bewilderment of the astonished giant.

"How's that for high?" suggested one of the crowd.

"This is as good as a circus!" roared Bill, in huge delight. "Got any more fellows like you in Red Dog?"

Maddened by the taunt, as well as by the smart of the three cuts in his face, which did not improve his personal beauty at all, the miner made another desperate rush at Talbot.

This time Injun Dick adopted new tactics; he gave way for a foot or two, then dodged under the arm of the miner, and, as he turned to follow him, tripped him with his foot. As he stumbled, Talbot caught him sideways, passed his arm over his neck, pressed him against his hip, and, lifting him by sheer strength from the ground, turned him over in the air, thus giving him, in wrestling parlance, a clean "cross-buttock" fall.

Down came the giant with terrible force to the ground. The shock stunned him. Senseless he lay, prostrate on the earth.

"He's got all he wants," said Bill, quietly. "If you're kilt, open your mouth an' say so, bad luck to you!" cried the Irishman, Patsy, gleefully by the miner.

"He's only stunned," Talbot said, coolly, unrolling the sleeves of his shirt. "He'll be over it in a minute. He wanted a lesson, and now he's got it."

"Guess he won't want any more," Bill said, with a chuckle, in which the majority of the crowd joined. The Spur-Cityites naturally rejoiced to see their townsmen get the best of the stranger.

In a few minutes the miner recovered from the effects of the fall. He sat up and looked around him.

"Gosh! my head feels bigger'n a bushel basket!" he ejaculated, in a mystified sort of way. "Reekon I'd better travel; you've got too many ariighthounds round hyer for me."

Then he rose slowly to his feet and approached Talbot, who stood with folded arms. "Stranger, ye too much fur me. I axes yer pardon for havin' hit ye, an' I'll just git up an' dust. You're just lightnin' biled down, you are!

The fast time you hit me, I thought my head an' the hind leg of a mule had been suddenly introduced. If you ever want a feller fur to hold your hat in a free fight, jist call on me; I'm your antelope!"

Then the miner picked up his hat, and started off up the street.

The crowd made a break for the door of the saloon, but were confronted on the threshold by Jinnie.

"No more Eldorado to-night, gentlemen," the girl said, decidedly. "It's nearly one, and time for everybody to be in bed. The bar's closed up."

"Jist one drink, Jinnie, all round, fur to celebrate the salivatin' of that galoot," pleaded Bill. But the girl was firm, and the crowd slowly dispersed to their "roosting-places," as Talbot facetiously observed.

The driver, and a few others who roomed in the Eldorado, entered the now darkened saloon, which was lighted only by one small lamp.

Talbot, who had put on his hat and coat, remained outside, leaning against the doorpost, apparently buried in thought.

Jinnie waited until all the idlers had dispersed; then she approached Talbot.

"What is the matter with you, Dick?" she asked, in a low, soothing voice; "you seem like a man in a dream."

Talbot started, roused from his abstraction by the girl's question.

"I—I am not well," he said, slowly, a painful restraint evident in his manner.

"And it is all the fault of this strange woman; she has bewitched you, Dick."

"Perhaps she has," he replied.

"I know she has!" Jinnie cried, earnestly.

It was her presence that made you act so strangely in the saloon. It was the sight of her face in the window above that made you, the strong, resolute man, faint like a weak woman when you looked upon it. Why should this person possess such a strange influence over you?" And as she asked the question, a sudden and fearful suspicion shot across her mind. A thought that made her clutch her teeth in agony, and catch her breath as though life were about to desert her. But Talbot, his thoughts far away, his eyes fixed in a vacant stare, afar off, where the dark line of the pines cut the mountain peaks, whitened by the moonbeams, did not notice the agitation of the girl. He did not even hear the words that she addressed to him.

"Dick!" she cried, impetuously, pulling him by the coat-sleeve, "will you answer a question?"

Talbot, recalled from dreamland by the pressure of Jinnie's hand upon his arm, looked upon the girl in astonishment. He saw the signs of agitation that were so apparent in her face.

"Answer a question, Jinnie? Of course I will," he said.

"No matter what it is?" persisted the girl, with feverish lips and burning eyes.

"Yes, no matter what it is," Talbot replied.

"Truthfully?"

"Jinnie, did you ever know me to speak in any other way?" he asked, reproachfully.

"Forgive me, Dick!" she said, her heart throbbed almost to bursting, and, with a deep sigh, she laid her head upon his shoulder. The red-gold hair was still flying freely in the breeze.

A moment Talbot looked into the little face that nestled on his shoulder; the sweet witchery that comes from the fair and gentle presence of a young and lovely woman was softly stealing over him. Tenderly he wound his arm around the slender waist of the girl, and kissed the low brown forehead.

The pressure brought the quick, tell-tale blood to the cheeks and forehead of the girl;

her eyes, too, flashed with a joyous light.

Without a word, she quitted his side, and went toward the saloon.

A single glance she gave at the pale face that still was pressed against the window-glass above. Upon her features was a look of defiance of triumph. Bernice answered it with a scornful, contemptuous glance.

Rivals for one man's love were now those two girls, who, but an hour before, had never seen each other.

her lips, when she felt the cold kiss of Talbot upon her temple. Dreamily she closed her eyes and nestled still closer to the man by whose side she stood.

"And now, Jinnie, what is the question that you wish me to answer?" he asked, softly.

"Have you ever seen this woman before?" and the eyes unclosed and fixed themselves with an eager gaze upon his face as she asked the question.

Talbot's face grew rigid as marble as the question fell upon his ears; yet, in the face, the eager, searching eyes, the girl read neither yes nor no.

"What makes you ask such a question?" he said, as if wishing to evade a direct reply.

"Dick, you are not answering me!" the girl exclaimed, reproachfully. "What can it matter to you the motive I have for asking? You promised me that you would answer. Will you tell me that you promise?"

"Yes," he replied, after a moment's hesitation, and in that moment he gazed into the face of the girl as though he expected to read something within there.

"You will answer?" she exclaimed, quickly.

"Yes; I have never seen this woman before," he said, slowly and firmly.

"Then she is not your wife?" Jinnie cried, a touch of joy in her voice.

"My wife?" Talbot said, in astonishment, "why, what put such an idea as that into your head?"

"I do not know," Jinnie replied; "the thought came to me. You are from the East, so is she. I thought, perhaps, that she was your wife before you came here, and that she had now come after you."

"Your thought was wrong, Jinnie; I have never been married."

"And you don't love this woman?" the girl asked, anxiously.

"Why should I love a woman that I never saw before?"

A long breath of relief came from the girl's lips at the reply; a terrible load had been taken off her heart.

"And now, Jinnie, good-night; I must be off," he continued.

"Where are you going to-night?"

"To Jim Blood's room, down the street. Jim is up in Austin, and I shall take possession of his shanty until he comes back. I've got the key. So, good-night, once more."

Again he kissed the low forehead, and then walked carelessly down the street. Jinnie watched him until he entered a little shanty, some hundred paces on; then she entered the saloon.

The spy crossed the street and peered in through the window of Injun Dick's retreat. From the shanty came the feeble gleams of a candle's light.

When the light was extinguished, the spy whistled softly. Forth from the darkness came five other figures, who joined the first. They were all dressed alike, in long, black gowns, and their heads were covered with black hoods.

To be continued—commenced in No. 264.

The Dumb Page: THE DOGE'S DAUGHTER.

BY FREDERICK WHITTAKER,

AUTHOR OF "THE IRISH CAPTAIN," "THE RED RAJAH," "THE ROCK RIDER," "THE SEA CAT," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XIV.

PULSING WAVELETS.

DON LORENZO BELLARIO and Estella, Countess Milleroni, were seated side by side in a gondola, floating over the still waters of the lagoon. They were alone, save for a single gondolier in the bow, whose back was discreetly turned, as he plied his oar.

Don Lorenzo was half seated, half reclining on his elbow, as he looked up in Estella's face, with the peculiar magnetic glance of his eyes that was so effective with the female sex.

how my father was doing, and if he suspected any thing. I had access to her as the page, and lo! my lady had suddenly changed. She pretended not to know who I was, and called me 'Anetta.'"

"Ha!" said Don Lorenzo, with a laugh; "I thought it would come to that. You would play with edged tools. Anetta has proved that she would not always be the fool you took her for. She knows you dare not expose her for fear of your own reputation. The convent or the grave would expiate the disgrace to Dandolo."

"What do you mean, signor?" she demanded, pale as ashes, and her eyes glittering ominously; "never has your hand touched mine save in courtesy; and I am now as pure as the day I first saw you. Dare you say otherwise?"

Her little teeth were clenched, and her hand closed on the poisoned dagger as she spoke, with the glare of an angry tigress in her eyes.

"Who will believe you?" said Don Lorenzo, with a faint sneer. "All the household know you as Anetta, the dumb page. You have acted your part well—say, so well that they all think you what she was. And who shall gainsay them? Not I, my lady. We have lived with each other too long, and been alone too often. You have made me feel your power ever since you set yourself to torment me. Now you know what it is to be in the power of another. Good!"

And he clapped his hands. Julia looked dangerously at him, but controlled her passionate nature.

"Hear me out," she said, calmly; "I had not finished. After a while she relented so far as to tell me this secret, for she is a fool after all, this Anetta. She loves religion and wants to go into a convent, and that's the reason she does not wish to come back to doublet and hose. She hates you for your cruelty to her, and hopes for revenge. Ay, you may start. But she told me more than that. She told me how my father, thinking her to be me, told her how in former times he had a natural daughter, the child of a fisherman's wife, who was seven years older than I, and whom he had lost sight of. And then, by questioning him, she found that it was her own self, and then the idea entered into her head to personate me forever, and thrust me down to her level."

"Therefore she told my father her own story, as of another, and how you stole away the fisherman's child to break her heart, and the old Doge swore an oath of vengeance against you, and to reclaim his daughter from her base position. Now, Don Lorenzo, who is in her power! Signor, she had found the papers!"

Don Lorenzo started back, as white as ashes.

"Heaven and earth!" he exclaimed; "you have betrayed me, devil that you are! And you pretended to love me!"

He sunk into a chair, shaking all over. The audacious duelist cowered down under some mysterious terror. The girl came close to him and laid her hand on his shoulder.

"Nay, then at least you are wrong, Lorenzo," she said, sadly; "I have done much to torment you, but I have helped you to your revenge, not betrayed you. God help me! I love you. I hate those whom you hate, and I have destroyed them. But I had the papers hidden away in my own room, and she had found them."

"And where are they now?" he asked, eagerly. "Strange girl, something in your face tells me that the danger is averted."

Julia looked at him, fixedly.

"God help me! It is," she said; "the papers are safe."

"Then what danger is afoot?" he asked, wondering.

"That the Doge will send for his daughter before the dawn of to-morrow," said Julia, solemnly; "and she will not be here."

"Where will she be?" asked he, wondering.

"In the palace of the Dandolo," answered the girl; "where she once lived happy, as the pure only can be."

"Julia! Julia!" he cried, suddenly catching her in his arms; "witch or fairy, devil or angel, you shall not leave me. With all thy torments, I love thee better than ten thousand Anettas, and I will not have her back. Do you hear?"

Contrary to her usual wild pranks, the girl lay still in his arms, looking up in his face with a certain sad, far-away look in her blue eyes.

"Julia, my love, my life!" cried Don Lorenzo, ardently; "what meanest thou? Why wilt thou leave me? I will not have Anetta back for thee."

"Lorenzo," and she spoke solemnly; "Anetta will never come back."

"What?" he demanded, releasing her in his astonishment.

"Anetta is dead!" replied Julia.

Then there was a short, horrified pause.

Even Don Lorenzo, hardened as he was, shuddered at the news.

"How did she die?" he at length demanded.

For all answer Julia drew from her bosom a packet of papers which she showed him, and pointed to a dark stain on the blade of her tiny dagger.

"I could not let any one keep those but me," she explained, with a strange attempt at a smile.

"Sometimes—God help me—I think I must be possessed of the Evil One, to torture what I love. And yet I cannot help it. Lorenzo, it is our last day together. To-morrow you must be far from Venice. In no other way can this crime be hidden. I did it to save you. Anetta must never be found, and I must be the Doge's daughter once more."

"If you will go with me, I go," he answered, obstinately. "Let nothing part us now. I swear I will not stir without you, for I love you."

At this moment the great bell of St. Mark's tolled out five, and Don Lorenzo started.

"The very hour!" he said, hurriedly snatching up cap and rapier; "I shall be too late, and the cursed Swiss will have a right to taunt me for it."

"What is it? A duel! Another!" cried the girl, aghast.

"Ay, Julia," he answered, rapidly girding himself; "with Bonetta's uncle, and I have no second. How shall I find ones in time?"

"Take me!" cried the girl, tossing her curls back; "it is our last day, and I will play the page for once to my heart's content. Come, Lorenzo."

He straphed her to his breast, and rained kisses on her brow and lips.

"My queen!" he ejaculated; "now by all the stars of heaven, there is none like thee, and I love thee more than all the world beside. We will go."

Cavalier and page passed forth to the rendezvous for the duel, with Count Bonetta.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 260.)

We do not judge men by what they are in themselves, but by what they are relatively to us.—Madame Swetchine.

SCIENCE.

BY J. H. H.

What is Science—good or evil?

Bane or blessing to mankind?

Brutal with doctrines of the devil.

Or divine truths for the mind?

Does it elevate man's nature?

Teaching him his God to see

In each plantlet, in each creature,

Show ing His sublimity?

Or makes it man atheistic,

Disb. living Godlike truth,

Hating revelation mystic,

Pleasing the mind of youth?

When man studies science solely,

With naught else to guide the mind,

Then it stops to scorn the holy,

Then debases human kind.

When Religion lends assistance,

And wh-ll Reason is its guide,

Then flies evil to a distance,

Heresy is then defied.

Then can man read God in nature,

In his works His grandeur finds,

Has in wisdom been designed.

False Faces:

on,

THE MAN WITHOUT A NAME.

A MYSTERY OF THE GREAT METROPOLIS.

BY GEO. L. AIKEN,

AUTHOR OF "A LIVING LIE," "SNARED TO DEATH," "BERNAL CLYDE," "ELMA'S CAPTIVITY," "STELLA, A STAR."

CHAPTER XXIV.

IN A QUANDARY.

It was well into the morning before Kate Vehslage awoke from the lethargic slumber into which she had been thrown; and as Peter Shaw slept late there was no one to disturb her.

Great was her surprise to find herself alone, for she was an early riser and had been accustomed to arise first and attend to the duties of their small household.

It was as much as she could do to keep her eyes open, and her head felt dull and heavy.

"What's the matter with me, I wonder?" she asked herself, in a bewildered kind of way. "I never felt like this before. Etta's up before me—why it must be late. Etta! Etta!"

She darted into the little room. But she was back in a moment, with something clutching in her hand.

"She darted to a chair and seized a shawl, hastily wrapping it over her shoulders.

"Oh, my!" she shrieked.

"What's the matter?"

"This isn't my shawl—it's Etta's. And there's her hat hanging in its usual place. Why she hasn't gone out at all; she must be hiding somewhere to frighten us."

Kate dashed into the little room. But she was back in a moment, with something clutching in her hand.

"She darted to a chair and seized a shawl, hastily wrapping it over her shoulders.

"She darted to a chair and seized a shawl, hastily wrapping it over her shoulders.

"She darted to a chair and seized a shawl, hastily wrapping it over her shoulders.

"She darted to a chair and seized a shawl, hastily wrapping it over her shoulders.

"She darted to a chair and seized a shawl, hastily wrapping it over her shoulders.

"She darted to a chair and seized a shawl, hastily wrapping it over her shoulders.

"She darted to a chair and seized a shawl, hastily wrapping it over her shoulders.

"She darted to a chair and seized a shawl, hastily wrapping it over her shoulders.

"She darted to a chair and seized a shawl, hastily wrapping it over her shoulders.

"She darted to a chair and seized a shawl, hastily wrapping it over her shoulders.

"She darted to a chair and seized a shawl, hastily wrapping it over her shoulders.

"She darted to a chair and seized a shawl, hastily wrapping it over her shoulders.

"She darted to a chair and seized a shawl, hastily wrapping it over her shoulders.

"She darted to a chair and seized a shawl, hastily wrapping it over her shoulders.

"She darted to a chair and seized a shawl, hastily wrapping it over her shoulders.

"She darted to a chair and seized a shawl, hastily wrapping it over her shoulders.

"She darted to a chair and seized a shawl, hastily wrapping it over her shoulders.

"She darted to a chair and seized a shawl, hastily wrapping it over her shoulders.

"She darted to a chair and seized a shawl, hastily wrapping it over her shoulders.

"She darted to a chair and seized a shawl, hastily wrapping it over her shoulders.

"She darted to a chair and seized a shawl, hastily wrapping it over her shoulders.

"She darted to a chair and seized a shawl, hastily wrapping it over her shoulders.

"She darted to a chair and seized a shawl, hastily wrapping it over her shoulders.

"She darted to a chair and seized a shawl, hastily wrapping it over her shoulders.

"She darted to a chair and seized a shawl, hastily wrapping it over her shoulders.

"She darted to a chair and seized a shawl, hastily wrapping it over her shoulders.

"She darted to a chair and seized a shawl, hastily wrapping it over her shoulders.

"She darted to a chair and seized a shawl, hastily wrapping it over her shoulders.

"She darted to a chair and seized a shawl, hastily wrapping it over her shoulders.

"She darted to a chair and seized a shawl, hastily wrapping it over her shoulders.

"She darted to a chair and seized a shawl, hastily wrapping it over her shoulders.

"She darted to a chair and seized a shawl, hastily wrapping it over her shoulders.

"She darted to a chair and seized a shawl, hastily wrapping it over her shoulders.

"She darted to a chair and seized a shawl, hastily wrapping it over her shoulders.

"She darted to a chair and seized a shawl, hastily wrapping it over her shoulders.

"She darted to a chair and seized a shawl, hastily wrapping it over her shoulders.

"She darted to a chair and seized a shawl, hastily wrapping it over her shoulders.

"She darted to a chair and seized a shawl, hastily wrapping it over her shoulders.

"She darted to a chair and seized a shawl, hastily wrapping it over her shoulders.

"She darted to a chair and seized a shawl, hastily wrapping it over her shoulders.

"She darted to a chair and seized a shawl, hastily wrapping it over her shoulders.

"She darted to a chair and seized a shawl, hastily wrapping it over her shoulders.

"She darted to a chair and seized a shawl, hastily wrapping it over her shoulders.

"She darted to a chair and seized a shawl, hastily wrapping it over her shoulders.

"She darted to a chair and seized a shawl, hastily wrapping it over her shoulders.

"She darted to a chair and seized a shawl, hastily wrapping it over her shoulders.

"She darted to a chair and seized a shawl, hastily wrapping it over her shoulders.

"She darted to a chair and seized a shawl, hastily wrapping it over her shoulders.

"She darted to a chair and seized a shawl, hastily wrapping it over her shoulders.

"She darted to a chair and seized a shawl, hastily wrapping it over her shoulders.

"She darted to a chair and seized a shawl, hastily wrapping it over her shoulders.

"She darted to a chair and seized a shawl, hastily wrapping it over her shoulders.

"She darted to a chair and seized a shawl, hastily wrapping it over her shoulders.

"She darted to a chair and seized a shawl, hastily wrapping it over her shoulders.

THE SATURDAY JOURNAL

Saturday Journal

Published every Monday morning at nine o'clock.

NEW YORK, APRIL 10, 1875.

The SATURDAY JOURNAL is sold by all Newsdealers in the United States and in the Canadian Dominion. Parcels unable to obtain it from a newsdealer or other dealer to send to the paper direct, by mail, from the publication office, are supplied at the following rates:

Terms to Subscribers, Postage Prepaid:

One copy, four months \$1.00

Two copies, one year \$5.00

In all orders for subscriptions be careful to give address in full—State, County and Town. The paper is always stopped, promptly, at expiration of subscription. Subscriptions can start with any number.

All communications, subscriptions, and letters on business, should be addressed to BEADLE AND ADAMS, PUBLISHERS, 25 WILLIAM ST., NEW YORK.

RED ROB, THE BOY ROAD-AGENT,

IS THE TITLE OF

Oll Coomes' New Serial, to commence in our next number. In it reappears

DAKOTA DAN AND HIS "TRIANGLE!" and throughout the story this oddest of odd characters is a leading actor and participant.

Red Rob is a strange person, the mystery of whose life is only revealed in the last chapters of the deeply exciting romance in which he is the hero.

But the mystery which overshadows two or three other actors in the wild drama is quite as exciting as that which overshadows young Rob, and we have in these personages a two-fold subject of curious interest.

Among the stirring events and rough scenes which come rapidly on with each chapter's narrative, two young girls are involved in a manner to add a third and very sweet element to the romance; while in the old negro and the young imp called The Weasel are delineated two actors who give to the story many a ridiculous and laughable phase.

The romance is one of Oll Coomes' best—which is enough to enlist general attention, for when he writes, a large audience reads. He writes only for the SATURDAY JOURNAL.

The Arm-Chair.

We have occasional communications like the following from a young man in Maine:

I want a little advice and believe the editors of "The Favorite Weekly" the men to give it. I have taken your paper for some time. My father is opposed to my reading all story papers. I know reading the JOURNAL does no harm; and I know, too, that since I have been taking it my life has been better and happier. Father objects because, as he says, the stories are all untrue. Can a person read fiction and still be a Christian?

People who denounce fiction, and ignore its value as an educator, do so from a misconception, and misconceiving, are singularly inconsistent. Some of the finest creations of human genius are fictions. Homer's "Iliad" and "Odyssey"; Virgil's "Aeneid"; Dante's wonderful "Divine Comedy"; Milton's "Paradise Lost" and "Paradise Regained"; Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," etc., etc., all are fiction, and the hosts of great works which men love to admire are led by creations of the imagination.

Fictitious acts, characters and events can so simulate life as to seem like fact, and as stories usually involve what is unusual, or strange, or remarkable, they therefore interest us as these things actually would if true. "This is the interest which constitutes their charm. When any person can show that such a mental condition is harmful, it will be time to discard fiction from the house, and to put in its stead—not history, for that is not always fact—not biography, for that often is untrue—not poetry, for that is pure fancy—not works on popular science, for Spencer, Tyndall, Proctor and others of their class are great speculators—only the arithmetic, for that is about the only book which has a fixed value.

To discriminate carefully as to the purity or impurity of the composition is, of course, very important, and we think any parent is justified in prohibiting the reading of matter, either in books or papers, that is not healthful. In the conduct of this paper perfect purity of tone is preserved in all departments, and only those authors are employed whose works are of unquestionable merit. Some popular papers are not models of circumspection in their matter, but such papers the young people themselves soon learn to avoid. It is only the good papers that have any permanent success.

THAT "society is bubbling and seething with internal excitement," as one of our leading journals avers, may be true, but that "society" is any more "excited" to-day than for generations past, we do not believe.

Each generation seems to think it exceptional in its history, but it is the vanity of men and women which impels them to think so. If we will but get beneath the facts of history as recorded in books, to the real life which created that history, we will discover that human nature has changed but little in two thousand years, and that we of to-day are neither more nor less excitable, scandal-loving, bitter in our animosities, or sharply personal in our language, than our predecessors.

We declaim furiously over the shortcomings of the party in power, and many people really think it is an exceptional era of corruption and extravagance, but a glance at the papers of Jefferson's day, or of Jackson's time, will amaze these credulous souls and give them ideas of "bargain and corruption"—of a "lascivious press"—of a demoralized public sentiment, which will make the present war of words seem like a bee's song.

Socially we of to-day are not so corrupt as to be exceptional; we are, rather, clearer in our perceptions of right and wrong than any preceding generation, and far more independent in our judgments. The assumed "bubbling and seething" is not an unnatural ferment—is not even a Macbeth's witches' stew; it is but the natural and proper interest of persons, property and association; and the man or woman who "reads the papers," and reading, believes the world to be going all to the dogs, is merely a dupe to a fiction. We are not only not going to the dogs, but, on the contrary, are advancing in the right direction toward the attainment of a nobler civilization and a higher standard of intelligence.

These are our views of the situation.

Sunshine Papers.

"I Am a Woman Now!"

"I AM a woman now!" exclaimed a tiny miss, who had just reached the mature age of four years.

She had long admired and coveted two little articles pertaining to feminine attire, possessed by an elder sister. Upon her fourth birthday, duplicates of these fancy little affairs were presented to her small ladyship. With great dignity and sobriety, from very excess of delight, she proceeded to adorn herself; and, the new treasures appropriately arranged, she returned to her mother, with considerable em-presentation:

"Look! mamma! I am a woman now!"

A woman now! Oh! dear little baby, with your sweet, fresh, flushed face framed in a tangle of silken hair, if the possession and wearing of those scarlet bands with their dainty bows were initiatory, indeed, into the paths of womanhood, who that loves you could have the heart to bring about the magic transformation? Who could be so pitiless as to strike out the happy dewy morning of your life, to let you walk in the hot, garish, wearisome noon-tide?

And yet, you sigh for the noon-tide; you are thoroughly human. There is never a present so golden that the past seems not sweet. It is for to-morrow's we plan and long, always; under the vault-clouds of the to-come our treasures are hid ever. The baby-girl cries for a doll, but shortly the flaxen-curled, painted female is discarded while its young owner is trying skates and hoopoes. Soon Miss tires of these and stands at mother's knee coaxing for dress—"buttoned before." The new advance accomplished, she teases for trials; and then sighs for young men.

But it will come soon enough, little one—the womanhood for which your small heart yearns; full soon enough, as we who love you know; so soon that we sorrow at the few years of probation between. Even if these hold whooping-cough and mumps and measles, and all the diseases to which infant flesh is heir, and cuts and bruises and wounds, and broken toys and heartrending squabbles with playmates, and hard lessons and disagreeable teachers, and limited supply of confections and ribbons, and strict hours and the rule of parental power, the future will bring none, none happier. There will be no exemption from illness; there will be cuts to pride and friendship like stabs of steel, and bruised spirits, and wounded hearts, and broken vows, and heartrending partings; there will be bitter lessons to learn from stern teachers, and an unlimited weight to bear of thought and care; and the hours may seem long and wearisome, and there will be a tyrannical ruler in employer, husband, relatives, or so-

ciety. Children are talkative. Well, if they have anything to say, let them say it. Oftentimes what is styled "children's gabble" is far more entertaining than the relentless scandal tales of the professional gossip and busybody. I don't find much that is caustic in children's conversation. If they do occasionally tell me of the shortcomings of their playmates, I am more prone to believe it is because they heard fault-finding at home than from any invention of their own.

We of the Lawless blood don't believe in putting a sort of plaster on the mouths of the youngsters, and not letting them have one word on any subject.

Yes, Mrs. Particular, I have heard the adage: Children should be seen and not heard; and it strikes me that it wouldn't be any great harm if "children of an older growth" would take that speech home to themselves and act upon it. There wouldn't be so much tale-bearing then, or so much village gossip.

The plain truth of the matter is, children and their deeds are not thought enough of. We should remember we once were all young ourselves, and felt incensed enough if we were smudged and hushed up, and put to bed at six o'clock, just to be out of the way. We ought to encourage the youngsters to have ideas of their own, and not treat them as if they were nobodies without brains or minds.

I do think youngsters bring blessings with them, and why some cannot appreciate those blessings is a mystery to

EVE LAWLESS.

us to help them in their amusements, and we ought to aid them all we can.

People are constantly ringing in my ears that it is so difficult to amuse a child. That is foolish nonsense. I have known one of the most refractory children to be kept amused for hours at a time by merely showing her how to make paper dolls and helping her make them. Surely it is not expensive, nor does it require one to put out a great deal to do this. You'll find it to be no task at all. The pleasure you are giving the child will become a pleasure to yourself. You will enjoy yourself because you are bestowing happiness on others. Now, isn't it worth while to put ourselves out once in a while to produce such a result?

I know a little fellow who is brim-full of fun; he has the merriest laugh, the pleasantest smile, the most roguish ways and the most good-natured whistle that can be imagined. A whistle like that is certainly inspiring, and carries good-nature with it wherever it goes. Many an otherwise dull hour does he cheer up by that merry whistle. There is something even ludicrous in the very pucker of his lips. I'd a great deal rather hear him whistle a merry tune than have him cogitating over lexicons and conjugations. Yet some persons would fain deprive him of his whistle. They say that he cannot always whistle through life. If that is so, then I think he ought to make the most of the time he has now to enjoy himself. Don't, if you have one particle of human feeling in your composition, change his whistle into a whine. If he is obliged to whine over his troubles in the future—but I don't believe anybody is obliged to do anything of the kind—let him wait for that time to arrive before he puts on his doleful countenance and looks on the world with a stoic's eye.

Maybe business would prosper better and affairs would turn out to more advantage if folks would whistle a little more as they go through life. It is an old superstition about a whistling girl coming to a bad end. I have come across girls who have been proficient whistlers, and I know they had cheerful and sunny dispositions; they became as good mothers as daughters, and I never ascertained that they were more inclined to go to the bad because they whistled. Did they never have any troubles or cares? I presume they did, as they were but human, but I verily believe they whistled away half of them, and I don't think we ought to question their right to whistle all the day long.

Children are talkative. Well, if they have anything to say, let them say it. Oftentimes what is styled "children's gabble" is far more entertaining than the relentless scandal tales of the professional gossip and busybody. I don't find much that is caustic in children's conversation. If they do occasionally tell me of the shortcomings of their playmates, I am more prone to believe it is because they heard fault-finding at home than from any invention of their own.

We of the Lawless blood don't believe in putting a sort of plaster on the mouths of the youngsters, and not letting them have one word on any subject.

Yes, Mrs. Particular, I have heard the adage: Children should be seen and not heard; and it strikes me that it wouldn't be any great harm if "children of an older growth" would take that speech home to themselves and act upon it. There wouldn't be so much tale-bearing then, or so much village gossip.

The plain truth of the matter is, children and their deeds are not thought enough of. We should remember we once were all young ourselves, and felt incensed enough if we were smudged and hushed up, and put to bed at six o'clock, just to be out of the way. We ought to encourage the youngsters to have ideas of their own, and not treat them as if they were nobodies without brains or minds.

I do think youngsters bring blessings with them, and why some cannot appreciate those blessings is a mystery to

EVE LAWLESS.

Foolscap Papers.

Slightly Shaken,

I HAVE had a touch of the chills and fever lately, but they say I had them very lightly.

I must have taken a cold somehow. I think I took it by standing on the street too long—two hours and a half only—trying to impress Jones with the fact that six glasses of peanuts were full returns for a quarter. I am unhealthy on peanuts.

I took cold then. It seems to me that I will take almost anything that is offered; what will you take?

The next day I began to feel mean. I felt milder than I ever did in my life, and that, you may know, was pretty mean. I felt, looked and acted mean. I thought myself I was the meanest man alive.

I began to gap. I had more gaps than a western rail-fence, and I began to stretch all the time. I found that I stretched the truth beyond all belief. It was the worst home-stretch I ever made. I believe I could have stretched boots and made money.

I began to notice a sudden and remarkable coolness in myself toward everybody and my wife, even. I seemed to be the biggest piece of coolness extant, although it was a very warm day. I saw I hadn't even a warm feeling for my nearest friends and I was decidedly cold to my neighbor. (I never had felt quite so cold to him.)

I began to shake. My hand shook so that I could not even write my autograph on a bill of lading brought me, and had to tell him to call again—a thing that troubled me exceedingly—and him, too.

I sat over the kitchen stove, nearly freezing to death and in my wife's way, and I then wanted to set up two or three other stoves in the room and sit between them.

My wife put all the blankets in the house around me till I looked like Marlin in the ruins of Carthage. But I kept shaking the blankets off so much that my wife got mad and said she would tie them around me with ropes if I didn't let them stay on.

I shook so much just then that I had to get up and shake my wife for getting out of humor.

I had often thought that the chills were no great shakes, after all that was said, but I shook up a different opinion.

I imagined I was president of the society of Shakers and was trying to do my best.

I was anxious to go out into the country and hire myself out to the farmers for the purpose of shaking winter apples. I could have done a good job and made money by it, too.

When the dishes began to be shaken from the cupboard, I thought it was time to go to bed, as the house hadn't a granite foundation.

I imagined four or five earthquakes, and then them all together, and found that I was far ahead of them all in the matter of a shake-up.

It is in childhood's nature to be jubilant, and it is contrary to nature's laws, as well as a youngster's disposition, to remain in a quiet attitude for any length of time. They look to

have them removed—I allude to my false teeth.

I was so very cold I imagined I was a granite boulder frozen up in an iceberg, and that I belonged to the glacier period, and I dearly wanted to quarrel with the glazier.

I begged my wife to put me into a straight-jacket and fasten me down. I never indeed shooed so wildly in the presence of my greatest enemy, as I did then.

I beat all the lemonade shakers I ever saw.

When I began to shake the hair off my head I got alarmed, and my brains were never so shaken-up before.

I came near shaking off this mortal coil.

I was so cold that I could have put a red-hot stove out—of courtesy—by merely approaching it, and my wife said I made the room so cold that she could hardly bear to come into it.

I enjoyed the delicacy of an Arctic winter three long hours, thinking how much I could make a day by hiring myself out as a refrigerator, or to stand in a butcher-shop to keep meat from spoiling, and reflecting on the delights of the torrid zone, and the pleasures of working in a rolling-mill, when that dreadful three-hour's winter of my discontent began to pass off, and I began to get so warm that I had to order the fires put out, and then the stove went short.

It was then as much too warm as I had been too cold, and was worried to death to think I couldn't strike on an average temperature and remain so for awhile.

I thought I would burn up before I was doomed. My cheeks had the rose-blush of sickness on them to a great degree, and my head was so hot that I could have run away and left it if I could have seen my way clear to do it. I got out of my head, but not sufficiently out of it to get rid of it.

I thought I would have to go to the lunatic asylum before my time, and finally got to imagine that I had the delirium tremens. But still I couldn't give up wholly to that idea, as I haven't been in the habit of drinking croton water to any great extent. But now I wanted water. I didn't seem to hanker after anything else to drink; you may smile, but I really didn't want anything but water. I earnestly desired to be the croton reservoir, with two or three ice-houses ship-wrecked in it.

I talked incoherently then, and this gave my wife hopes that I would soon come around to my right mind; she thought that was good.

I thought I was going to die, and tried to think of a single sin I had committed to repent of, but couldn't.

All the old ladies of the neighborhood came in and cheered me by telling how every one of their relatives or acquaintances that had died had been taken just that way.

I have fever blisters all over my mouth, so you may know there is a good many; but I'm better.

Woman's World.

WE last week adverted to the incoming styles for hats and bonnets. As the milliners now begin to define their choice, and to exhibit trimmed goods in their cases, we see that the popular hat is to be of straw or chip, with wide brims or low crowns, somewhat heightened by the trimming. The brims are raised or depressed partially or wholly, to suit the fancy of the wearer; but are generally raised sufficiently to admit of a spray or wreath of flowers beneath.

Adverting to the mounting, our friend Jenkins adds this information. "Large quantities of hats and bonnets," she says, "are used upon dressy hats and bonnets, and there is a special fancy for large soft white roses upon the early specimens of white chip and for silk scarf,

which constitute the important part of the trimming upon hats for traveling and *negligée*. Navy-blue is still favorably worn in felt hats and costumes, but in straw it is not considered necessary to strictly repeat the color of the dress, while straw and chip are trimmed with brown for brown suits, and black straws are enlivened with white with a drab or bright color."

<p

ONE HEART.

BY LETTIE A. IRON.

Alone in my room, I hear
The sounds of mirth from below;
And know that to-night I must stand by her side,
Hear her speak the words that will make her his
bride,
And give no sign of my woe.

Once I had hoped to be his—
Oh, God! that the hopes should be dead!
I had dreamed to stand where she stands to-night,
With a heart that was happy and free and light—
Ah! bitter the tears that I shed.

My hope is forever past;

It was not I who left him;

My life is all of brightness and joy,

Yet still I must smile, and my future life

Must be but a living lie.

My heart, like the aloe plant,
Has blossomed in perfect flower,

It will live through the dreary years to come,

Till the life is o'er and its life is done,

But it never will blossom more.

The Terrible Truth: THE THORNHURST MYSTERY.

BY MRS. JENNIE DAVIS BURTON,
AUTHOR OF "STRANGELY WED," "THE FALSE
WIDOW," "ADRIA, THE ADOPTED," "CO-
RAL AND RUBY," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER IX.

THE FIRST SHADOW.

THERE was no moon but the stars shone out brightly through the frosty still air. The lights from the mansion had gone out one by one; the gloomy house just without the Thornhurst domain had been wrapped in unbroken slumber for two hours or more. It was close upon midnight, and the whole countryside was brooded over by the silence which the midnight hour should bring.

As silent as the unmoving objects about, as much a part of the dusky night as they were, was the dim shape waiting without the closed gate in the high dense hedge. She had waited there an hour, the same patient, silent form. It was the second night she had been at the trust, and the fear of disappointment for the second time was chilling to her heart.

"He will not come," she thought, drawing the dark mantle she wore closer about her. And at the moment her quick ear caught the crackle of the crisp grass under a footstep advancing through the woodland. She stood still, no evidence of eagerness breaking through the composure she had enforced, but for all that there was a force of passion which might almost have astonished the man who was coming, firmly as he believed in her devotion to him. He was there in a moment, his arm about her, his voice tender as it had been two years before, but in that very first moment of their meeting a vague revelation of the change in him struck her coldly. It may have been the influence of her disappointment before, it may have been that wonderful intuition which is a subtler, truer power in woman than the second process of reasoning are to man.

"Faithful to the trust, my Venetia! I almost doubted finding you here at this late hour, and now you do not seem rejoiced to see me as I hoped you might be. How have I offended you?"

She had drawn a little away from his circling arm; she had let him kiss her forehead but did not offer her lips.

"I was here to a much later hour last night, Owen. And you have not written to me for months. Is it wonderful that your tardiness and your negligence should link as evidence that you have regretted our hasty step of two years ago?"

"That you should doubt me, Venetia! That I should be called to an account before ever I receive a welcome! Is that your love for me, my own? The trust between us should be so perfect as never to admit doubt, don't you know that?"

There was plaintive reproach in Owen Dare's tone, that indirect shifting of blame from his own shoulders, which had seldom failed in his dealings with womankind before this. Women and dogs are the more faithful the more they are misused, but to make the rule good in either case there must be perfect mastery, and however madly she had loved him, might still love him, Owen Dare never saw one moment of his life that he was this woman's master.

"I know there should be strong foundation for such a trust, Owen. I know we should contribute equitably to build up such. But if you have regretted anything of the past I am willing to bury it dead as though it had never been!"

"This my passion-flower! This the warm-hearted, ardent girl who promised me so truly when I saw her last—Venetia, I don't know you in the cold-blooded creature talking in such a style—speaking of burying the past which is not even resurrected to our own knowledge."

"You forget that I number self-command among my other accomplishments, and I have had long months to brood over the probable failure of your silence and apparent forgetfulness of me; and your failure to come to me soon as you were here has not been reassuring."

"My neglect was too faithful exercise of the caution which you yourself were most earnest in urging me to employ. I was fearful of addressing you too often, I trembled with every letter, lest it should fall into wrong hands." And last night, the first at Thornhurst, my absence would have been remarked, perhaps suspicion aroused."

"Then you are not changed, Owen? Are you sure, very sure, you have not been won away from me?"

He detected the wistfulness, the willingness to receive his assurance in the perfect faith he had expected from her at the first, and the assurances were not lacking.

"You must promise never to doubt again, Venetia, never even if circumstances should make it appear that you have cause."

"I did not doubt as it was. I never could unless I knew you false, and then—"

"And then, my darling?"

"Only what I said a moment ago. You need never have anything to fear at my hands. If you ever do regret, from that moment you are free as the wind from any claim of mine. I only ask that you shall be honest with me, that you shall never deceive me; that you shall tell me frankly if such a change ever should come."

"And how solemn you grow over it, as if it were the most likely thing in the world! Suppose now that dolorous view you are taking should come about, how long before you would be an avenger upon the track, a Nemesis not to be turned aside? If I could prove so weak as to be false to you, you would hate me as fiercely as you loved me once."

"I never should, Owen—loving once I could never hate. I can imagine no wrong so deep

that I should ever wish to injure you. I would die myself rather than bring harm upon any one I ever loved."

"You never shall be tempted by me, at least, Venetia. How we are wasting the precious moments of this precious interview in discussing a possibility which is not even the remotest possibility in our case. May I light a cigar to ward off this chill, or is my respected father-in-law not supposed to be so soundly sleeping but such sacrilegious odor so near his sanctified ground bears the chance of rousing him?"

"There is no danger."

"Thanks." He struck a light, and the momentary blaze showed Mr. Dare's serene eyes looking upon her with a fond glance that went straight to Venetia's heart. If she had doubted before this in spite of herself, she did so no longer now. "See here, love," his tone was very excessively tender as he possessed himself of both her hands, "whatever may come up after this—we are so uncertainly situated there's no telling what might arise, you know—never forget that you are my own loyal wife, for better or worse; never let me suppose that I can forget it. I only ask you to believe in me. If you have a misgiving let me prove it false until the time when there can be no chance for misgivings, when I can go to your father and claim you for my own, and show a record not wholly unworthy such a boon. Is it a bargain, my wife?"

"I don't think I would like to live if I ever could lose trust in you, Owen." How perfect her faith had grown, how beautiful, how dear to her heart just then! A few more minutes flew, Mr. Dare's cigar burnt close under the tip of his handsome nose and he tossed it down, tramping the glowing end out as it gleamed wickedly in the frost-spangled grass.

"I'll come to-morrow night if it's for no more than a moment or so, and again the next, and after that we'll probably be off again. I've formed hope through this connection of mine with the Vivians. It isn't beyond possibility that I may be settled at Thornhurst yet as a permanency."

"And that reminds me—I was almost forgetting—I want you to get me introduced at Thornhurst, Owen. There is no reason why I shouldn't be admitted on equal footing with other young ladies of the neighborhood who visit there. You can bring it about in some way, I am sure."

"It is out of the question," asserted Mr. Dare, a little startled, and quite decided. "What put that notion in your head, my dear? The colonel, you know, has some sort of preposterous prejudice against your father, which also includes you, and even if that objection were out of the way, the liberty would not be permissible to a mere guest as I am at present. I wish I could oblige you, Venetia, but it's not possible."

"Then make it possible! It may be out of the question for you to introduce me there, of course I know that, but you can bring the result about through some other source. There is your friend, Mr. Vane Vivian, could manage it, or one of the ladies possibly."

"I don't know; it would be a hard matter if done. It couldn't be much advantage as the family stay there so short a time."

"But they come back for the Christmas festivities which may extend for an indefinite period. It was my father's desire first and it is my wish now, because, Owen, it will bring me nearer to you."

It was by no means Mr. Owen Dare's wish. It was the furthest from his wish in fact, though he did not say so in words. He promised a little vaguely to see what he could do; there was a lingering farewell; then the gate closed after her and he strolled away through the cedar grove, looking up at the calm stars through the interstices and reflecting as he went.

"More liberal than I ever thought she could be," his thoughts ran. "And Venetia means every word she says! I'd lay my head to it, if I were to go back on her now, she'd never peach or give a sign." Mr. Dare's punctilious expression was not always held to strict account in his own self-communings. "Not that I mean to do it, of course not, but it was a rash move to entangle myself completely as I did. I don't regret it and I don't expect to. There

is Mrs. Sholto Norton Hayes and the eighty thousand I might have had—really I am inclined to return thanks for my deliverance. I don't know that I'd absolutely change matters if I had the power now, but by some means I must bluff Venetia off from her notion about Thornhurst. That wouldn't suit, by any means."

As he made his way toward the mansion rising in black outline against hill and sky, another face rose up in his mind side by side with the dark, beautiful one which had so lately looked trustingly upon him under the starlight—Nora's face as he had covertly watched it that day, pure, fair, and daintily flushed, wide brown eyes sparkling animatedly, and glowing hair massed about the shapely little head. Mr. Dare felt that his choice had been between two types of such opposite loveliness that it was inevitable he should regret the one, having chosen the other, and it made but slight matter, as there was no difference in the scale of their worldly possessions, each being munificently endowed with beauty and nothing else.

Venetia went in silently over the leaf-strown path where the tangled shrubbery brushed her garments on either side, the sweetest peace her proud, tortuous life had ever known resting upon her. It was such dear peace to her whose rebellious spirit had stung her often under the wonderful self-command she had gained. With all the world to choose from she would not have asked more of her own free will just then than this happiness of her openly acknowledged; all the goods of life seemed so pitiful in comparison!

There was a question mingled, however, Was Dare at his old game again, or was he really going in for a winning hand, as all appearances seemed to denote? They didn't know that the little Carteret came up to his figure, but of course, being Colonel Seymour Vivian's ward, she could not be of small importance. There was a whisper of those diamond mines in Brazil, too. Trust Dare to know what he was about; he was not at all the sort of man to lose his head unawares, and just then rumor made its mistake. He was not the sort of man to lose his head, but, having lost it, he was just the sort of man to stop at no lengths to carry his own object.

"Such a pity their positions couldn't be reversed," said Mrs. Grahame to Nora, after one of Dare's daily visits. He did not confine himself to simple calls; he came at all hours; he dined with the family; he even breakfasted and lunched with them on occasions; he had managed to make himself indispensable to the colonel as he had become to Mrs. Grahame herself. "Cousin of mine though he be, I can't endorse Vane's doings. I shouldn't like to answer for the consequence if the whole story of his misdeeds were to come to the colonel unawares, and that splendid Mr. Dare wards half the blame away from him and keeps the colonel soothed when he's apt to be furious. I repeat, it's the greatest of pities

Mr. Walter Montrose was its terrible quietude. One glance of those cold eyes had power to scathe to the very soul; half dozen words in that ringing, metallic tone were more potent than the fiercest tornado. Colonel Seymour Vivian could utter.

"I must confess surprise at the discovery of your odd taste, lately developed let me hope," he went on. "A chance discovery brought about through fancying I heard the jar of a door some time since, and a reconnaissance disclosed yours on the swing. You must have been in haste to have left it so carelessly. A glance showed me that you were not in your room; the just perceptible odor of a cigar on the air without guided me to the end of the garden walk. I went, doubting, incredulous. I paused, convinced, at the sound of voices, which I distinctly recognized as yours. Look a little less sphinx-like, if you can, Venetia. That is an uncomfortable expression your face is wearing, and nothing is more admirable than studious control of the features to the will. Of course I withdrew to a suitable distance immediately. I had no desire to play the spy upon my daughter's actions; I should be most sorry to lose confidence in her to an extent leading to that. I refer to the matter now, Venetia, to recall certain hopes and expectations of my own which I have taken considerable trouble to impress upon your mind. I have had ambitious aims for you, the nearest to see you installed as mistress of Thornhurst. I am not in the habit of being thwarted, as you know; let me suggest it would not be policy to disappoint me there through any failure of yours. Also it might perhaps be better if these midnight rambles be dispensed with hereafter, though I leave that entirely to your discretion. Only one thing more: if any fancy of yours should raise an obstacle between yourself and Thornhurst, the obstacle shall be removed. I think I need not detain you longer. Good-night, Miss Venetia Montrose."

He held the door open and she passed through, not having uttered one word. She went blindly up the few steps leading to her own chamber, with a feeling of suffocation come upon her, a dumb dread which seemed to paralyze nerve and action. He had overheard enough to suspect the truth, if he did not know it; the emphasis he had placed upon the pronunciation of her name at length showed that, and his relentless determination to trample down *any* obstacle coming before the fulfillment of his wishes. Heaven's ordinance of marriage is not easily set aside, but a dread terror seized her as she thought what other alternative might remove the obstacle.

How far off now seemed the peace and happiness of the last half hour! how impossible that she should ever feel secure in such again! Venetia Montrose had passed more than one bitterly wakeful night before this; never one so fraught with numb despair.

The question of Miss Montrose's appearance at the mansion had been presented and settled, before her own request to Dare. Nora never let grass grow under her feet in pursuing any object of her own, and the narration of their accident was promptly followed by a request for permission to invite the young lady to visit her there.

CHAPTER X.

VENETIA'S FRIEND.

THE metropolitan season opened brilliantly.

There was no end of gayeties. There were all the grades of balls, parties, and receptions; there were the operas, the drives on fine days in elegant toilets; the rounds of calls made and calls received, to fill up morning, eve and night, for understanding the fashionable world knows no nonentity.

It was all very delightful to Nora. She went through the whole course, day in and day out, and never wearied. Mrs. Grahame was a little vaguely to see what he could do; there was a lingering farewell; then the gate closed after her and he strolled away through the cedar grove, looking up at the calm stars through the interstices and reflecting as he went.

"More liberal than I ever thought she could be," his thoughts ran. "And Venetia means every word she says! I'd lay my head to it, if I were to go back on her now, she'd never peach or give a sign." Mr. Dare's punctilious expression was not always held to strict account in his own self-communings. "Not that I mean to do it, of course not, but it was a rash move to entangle myself completely as I did. I don't regret it and I don't expect to. There

is Mrs. Sholto Norton Hayes and the eighty thousand I might have had—really I am inclined to return thanks for my deliverance. I don't know that I'd absolutely change matters if I had the power now, but by some means I must bluff Venetia off from her notion about Thornhurst. That wouldn't suit, by any means."

As he made his way toward the mansion rising in black outline against hill and sky, another face rose up in his mind side by side with the dark, beautiful one which had so lately looked trustingly upon him under the starlight—Nora's face as he had covertly watched it that day, pure, fair, and daintily flushed, wide brown eyes sparkling animatedly, and glowing hair massed about the shapely little head. Mr. Dare felt that his choice had been between two types of such opposite loveliness that it was inevitable he should regret the one, having chosen the other, and it made but slight matter, as there was no difference in the scale of their worldly possessions, each being munificently endowed with beauty and nothing else.

Venetia went in silently over the leaf-strown path where the tangled shrubbery brushed her garments on either side, the sweetest peace her proud, tortuous life had ever known resting upon her. It was such dear peace to her whose rebellious spirit had stung her often under the wonderful self-command she had gained. With all the world to choose from she would not have asked more of her own free will just then than this happiness of her openly acknowledged; all the goods of life seemed so pitiful in comparison!

There was a question mingled, however, Was Dare at his old game again, or was he really going in for a winning hand, as all appearances seemed to denote? They didn't know that the little Carteret came up to his figure, but of course, being Colonel Seymour Vivian's ward, she could not be of small importance. There was a whisper of those diamond mines in Brazil, too. Trust Dare to know what he was about; he was not at all the sort of man to lose his head unawares, and just then rumor made its mistake. He was not the sort of man to lose his head, but, having lost it, he was just the sort of man to stop at no lengths to carry his own object.

"Such a pity their positions couldn't be reversed," said Mrs. Grahame to Nora, after one of Dare's daily visits. He did not confine himself to simple calls; he came at all hours; he dined with the family; he even breakfasted and lunched with them on occasions; he had managed to make himself indispensable to the colonel as he had become to Mrs. Grahame herself. "Cousin of mine though he be, I can't endorse Vane's doings. I shouldn't like to answer for the consequence if the whole story of his misdeeds were to come to the colonel unawares, and that splendid Mr. Dare wards half the blame away from him and keeps the colonel soothed when he's apt to be furious. I repeat, it's the greatest of pities

they are not differently placed. A son and heir of Owen Dare's strict rectitude would be a great comfort to my uncle, while Vane is not likely to prove anything but the opposite."

"Of what frightful things is Mr. Vane Vivian guilty?" asked Nora. "My guardian doesn't see any fault in him, I am very sure. It's nothing but 'Vane' when I am with him, until I fairly weary of the name."

"All my uncle's policy, my dear!" And Mrs. Grahame looked volumes she would not speak, which were Greek to Nora's unsuspecting sight. "As for Vane, he is going the road to ruin fast as any wild young man ever went over it. There isn't an indiscretion in the whole catalogue of which he has not been guilty, so far as I can learn. He is absolutely, criminally reckless in regard to money matters. He has gambled away a fortune in two weeks here, and they say it's nothing to the debt he came loaded with from the continent."

"They say?" Who says, Mrs. Grahame?

"I believe Owen Dare was obliged to say it. There was no putting the affair off, and the colonel had to be appealed to. He paid the bill, it was an enormous amount, and swore to disinherit Vane before he would settle another one. It occurred the first week after you came here; I wonder you didn't suspect something of a disturbance, Nora."

"I was so full of business these days it's little wonder if the colonel finds you invaluable, Dare. I couldn't wish you to be anything else since it gives me the pleasure of this attendance upon Miss Carteret. Won't you give me one song before dinner, Miss Carteret? It's extremely selfish to ask it; of course, but I fancy music may have charms to soothe a hungry man's soul well as the savage ear. Imagine greater savage if you can than a famishing mortal in a drawing-room."

"Meaning yourself, I hope," she laughed, as they moved away, "or do you never spare yourself?"

ment to meet a friend in—let me see—just half an hour from now,” consulting his watch, “and strolled in here to pass the intervening time.”

He lingered for ten minutes, talking mostly with Vane, addressing some remarks concerning the pictures, the morning, the great metropolis, and the voyage over, to Nora—such things as people speak of casually, but in that ten minutes Nora decided that she should like this Sir Rupert Archer, Vane’s friend.

The two gentlemen changed cards at parting, and afterward Vane waxed eloquent over this same Sir Rupert, until Nora almost forgot the purpose which had been first in her mind when she left home that morning. He caught her eyes turned to his face wistfully as it came back to her, and broke off in the middle of a strain.

“You look as if you wanted to tell me something, Miss Carteret. I have been too elated myself to attend properly to your pleasure, I am afraid.”

“I do wish to speak to you, to tell you something I fear, and I may not have another opportunity. I wanted to warn you against Owen Dare. I feel certain, somehow, that he is not acting fairly by you. I believe he is trying to make trouble between your father and yourself. I am sure he is not your friend, as he pretends. It must seem presumptuous for me to say this to you, but I believe it, and wanted you to know.”

“My dear Miss Carteret! Dare not my friend—Dare make trouble! I thank you sincerely for your good intentions, but you are laboring under some great mistake. You can’t know how faithful Dare has been to me.”

“I know he has seemed so, but he is a hypocrite, I do believe. Would it not be better to go to your father yourself than to trust any go-between?”

Suddenly the haggardness which had been lifted from his face came back to it. Nora was chilled at the change; it put such a distance between them where they had been so near a moment ago.

“It is not to be expected you should understand these affairs, Miss Carteret. You are mistaken regarding Dare—you do him injustice. Think hardly of me as you like, as I can do no injustice. Shall we go home now?”

“You are not angry that I have spoken?” she asked, timidly.

He looked down at her, his face softening.

“Angry? no. God bless you for it, Nora. But you can’t know the kind of hell I am in!”

(To be continued—commenced in No. 262.)

The Rival Brothers. on, THE WRONGED WIFE'S HATE.

BY MRS. MAY AGNES FLEMING,
AUTHOR OF "THE DARK SECRET," "AWFUL
MYSTERY," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XVI.

HAZELWOOD HALL.

PIER NO.—was crowded. Throngs of people were pouring to it in one steady stream; carts, carriages and vehicles of all sorts rattled over the stony city streets, and deposited their inside freight of travelers, and their outside freight of baggage on the thronged pier, blazing under a scorching July sun.

“Everybody” was supposed to have left New York, but New York looked tolerably full yet, judging from the number in this particular spot, coming to see their friends off for England, or from idle curiosity. The steamer’s deck was thronged, too; in fact, every available portion of the steamer, excepting the smokepipe, was thronged, and great and mighty was the uproar thereof.

Among the many groups, a little knot of four persons stood, two ladies and two gentlemen. *Place aux dames!* The ladies were very young, mere girls in their teens, and one very pretty. It was the tall one with the coquettish turban that sat so jauntily on her black curls, the scarlet tip of its black plume not brighter than the living scarlet on cheek and lip; her tightly-fitting black basquine showing off to perfection a superb figure, lithe and slender as a young willow, and the morning sunlight floated back from a pair of luminous dark eyes, of unfathomable depth and brightness. She leaned lightly against the railing, the breeze fluttering her gray dress, the black lace veil she held in her gloved hand, waving like a black banner, the jetty curls, and deepening the roses in her cheeks, as she gazed at the crowd before her and talked with her companion.

It was the other young lady, a jolly little damsel, plump and debonaire, whose laughing face was all aglow with excitement, and whose tongue ran in a perpetual flow of titillation. For the gentlemen: one was dark, elderly, sharp-looking, and wore spectacles; the other young, eminently handsome, and languidly indifferent to the vulgar uproar about him.

Of course you recognize them—Eve, Hazel, Doctor Lance and Professor D’Arville—professor no longer, but simply Monsieur Claude D’Arville, secretary to the Honorable Arthur Hazelwood, of Hazelwood, County of Essex, England. And they are fairly off on their journey at last.

And Hazel’s chattering tongue was running on incessantly.

“Eve, look there! How killingly that gentleman stepping from the back is got up! Why, my goodness! I declare if it’s not Don Signor Monsieur Mustache Whiskerando himself!”

Eve looked, knowing very well who Hazel meant, and saw a forlorn-looking and most distinguished gentleman alight from a back, his cloak over his shoulder, in spite of the heat of that boiling July morning, and his sombrero pulled over his eyes. The memory of a moonlight night, of a Canadian village, and a stranger slipping up to the gate over which she leaned, flashed back on Eve’s mind.

“It’s Mister Mendez, I vow!” Hazel was crying. “It can’t be possible, you know, that he—”

Hazel stopped suddenly. Among the surging sea of human beings, ebbing and flowing on the pier, another form had caught her eyes, that of a young man, who approached Senor Mendez, passed his arm through his and walked with him on board. Eve saw him at the same time, and her brows contracted in spite of Hazel’s joyful little cry:

“Oh, Eve! there is Paul!”

“I see him!” Eve said, in a vexed tone, “and they are coming here!”

She threw the veil she held, over her hat to hide her flushed and annoyed face. She had not seen Paul Schaffer since that memorable night at his aunt’s, and the scene under the pine-tree came back, and its hateful memory burned like fire in her face. Some one touched her lightly on the shoulder, and D’Arville’s dark eyes were piercing through the veil.

“Here are two of your friends, mademoiselle. Ah! I perceive you have seen them!”

His tone and smile annoyed her intensely, but the two new-comers had forced their way along the deck and stood before her, hat in hand.

Very coldly; very slightly, Miss Hazelwood acknowledged Mr. Schaffer’s salute, choosing to ignore altogether the hand he extended, but Talleyrand himself never was more completely and utterly nonchalant than he. If the waters of Lethe had been a reality, and he had drunk up the memory of this last interview, Paul Schaffer could not have been one whit more at his ease.

If Eve’s greeting lacked warmth, Hazel’s made up for it; she pushed her hand through Paul’s arm, as one having the right, and bore him off, while the Cuban prince attached himself to Doctor Lance and D’Arville. So Eve stood quite alone, listening to the storm of good-bys on every hand and watching the receding shore as they steamed away on their outbound course, to the parting cheer from the land, and then a mist came over the bright, dark eyes.

“Good-by to America! my native land!” her heart cried. “I have been very happy there—how will it be with me in the land to which I go?”

There was no prophetic voice in Eve’s soul to answer the question. The merciful vail that shrouds the future no earthly eyes might pierce; and Eve stopped in her musings to listen to a girlish voice near, singing, clear and sweet, Childe Harold’s farewell to England:

“Adieu, adieu! my native shore
Fades o’er the waters blue,
The night-winds sigh, the breakers roar,
And shrieks the wild seaweed!”

“Sun that sets upon the sea
We follow in his flight,
Far ewe awhile to him and thee—
My native land, good-night!”

“Not good-night, the Lord be thanked!” said a broad voice, cutting in, “for it’s just breakfast-time!”

There was a general laugh and rush for the cabin. D’Arville smilingly offered his arm to Eve, and sentiment was presently lost sight of in sandwiches, and coffee and beefsteaks took the place of tears and parting regrets.

“Will you be sea-sick, mademoiselle?” Señor Mendez asked Eve.

They were all sitting up on deck again, the land nearly out of sight, and Eve was between the creole and D’Arville.

“I don’t know,” she said, laughing. “That remains to be seen yet. This, you know, is my first voyage. Shall you?”

“Oh, no! I am an old sailor, and I never was sick in my life.”

“You are fortunate,” said D’Arville. “As for me, I expect to take my stateroom in an hour, and be obliged to keep it until we reach Southampton.”

“My case exactly,” growled Doctor Lance.

“Among all wise proverbs, ‘Praise the sea, but keep on land,’ is the wisest. And to think I must endure it all for a couple of wretched girls—”

The crabbed little doctor’s voice died away, *pianissimo*, in a succession of groans; and Hazel, who sat next him, rose abruptly, with a very white and miserable face.

“I—I think I’ll go below! I don’t feel—”

“No, I should think you didn’t,” said Paul, trying to keep grave, but laughing in spite of himself, as Hazel’s voice died away. “Allow me to lead you down-stairs.”

Eve followed, and for the rest of the day was kept busy enough waiting on Hazel, who was wretchedly sick, and amid her groans, and throes, and tears, protested she must die.

All night it was the same—poor Hazel’s state was deplorable; and the odor of cooking which would penetrate into the stateroom aggravated her symptoms beyond expression.

It was late on the second day of the voyage before Eve could leave her and go on deck to catch a mouthful of fresh air. Fortunately for her she had escaped the *mal-de-mer* completely; and beyond being fagged out waiting on her sick and cross little cousin, felt as well as when she had started.

Wofully thin the deck looked to what it had done at the starting; very few ladies were there, and among the gentlemen only one face was familiar. He was leaning over the side watching the moon rise, red and round, out of the sea, like some fiery Venus, and smoking a cigar, but he threw it overboard and started up at sight of Eve.

“A thousand welcomes, mademoiselle! I am happier than happy to find you able to come up once more!”

“Oh, I have not been sick, monsieur,” Eve said, laughing, and answering in French, as Señor Mendez had set the example. “I have only been sick-nurse. My poor cousin is half dead!”

“I regret to hear it. Here, sit down and let us see if this fresh breeze will not blow your roses back. They have wilted altogether in that steaming and suffocating cabin.”

“Where are all the rest?” Eve asked, taking the proffered stool.

“In the same predicament as your cousin—all at death’s door, Messieurs Lance, D’Arville, and Schaffer; and Robin Crusoe, in his desert island, never was lonelier than I! Providence, mademoiselle, must have sent you direct to my relief; for I was falling into despair, and meditating a leap overboard and into the other world, as you came up.”

“And out of the frying-pan into the fire!”

“Quen sabei?” said the creole, shrugging his shoulders. “We must only hope for the best! Look at that moonrise, mademoiselle—I have heard you were an art rest!” Eve asked, taking the proffered stool.

“Who told you so?”

“Monsieur D’Arville—he is a great friend of yours.”

Eve’s face flushed.

“He was my teacher—at least, he would have been, had we not left Canada. I am no artist—I wish I were.”

“I wish you were; you might immortalize you to-night. Do you care for the sea?”

“Care is not the word, monsieur—I love her.”

“Ah! then we can sympathize. I have spent half the last fifteen years roving over land and sea. One of these rolling stones that gather no moss.”

“Then Madame Rumor tells fibs. She says Señor Mendez is a prince in his own land.”

“Why, yes,” said the creole, coolly. “I believe my estates in Cuba are rather princely than otherwise; but I don’t allude to that. I have no home, and no home-ties; a crusty old bachelor, who goeth whithersoever he listeth, with no kindly voice to bid him God-speed at his departure or welcome on his return.”

They were both silent, he looking straight before him at the red moonrise, and the girl watching, under her eyelashes, the bronzed, handsome face, and the silver threads gleaming in and out the raven hair.

“Monsieur has been a great traveler, then?” she said, at length, in a subdued tone.

“Over the world, mademoiselle, from Dan to Beersheba. I have ridden camels in Egypt,

smoked cigars under the walls of Jerusalem, slept in skins in an Esquimaux hut, and been grilled alive in the jungles of India and the forests of Africa. As for Europe—I think there is not a village in the whole continent I have not done, and found the whole thing an insufferable bore.”

“And you have been—but why need I ask—of course, you have been in England?”

“Yes, mademoiselle; I have explored that island—I have even beheld Hazelwood Hall.”

“Indeed!” Eve cried, vividly interested. “I should like to hear about that. Is it long ago?”

“Some five years. It is a fine old place, or would be in the hands of any other man than the Honorable Arthur Hazelwood. But pardon—he is your relative?”

“I know nothing about him; I never saw him in my life. Is he a *mawais sujet*, then?”

“He is—but I shall tell you nothing about him—you must read him for yourself. I fear you will find your new home rather lonely—the owner of Hazelwood Hall receives no visitors, and never goes out.”

“A recluse, is he? Did you see Miss Forest?”

“The pale lady with the light hair, who keeps house for him? Oh, yes, I saw her; she never goes out, either—they grow old there, like potatoes in a cellar.”

“And the place around—what is it?—a town, a village, a wilderness—or what?”

“A village, very pretty, very picturesque. They call it Monkswood.”

“And Hazelwood Hall is the place of the place?”

“By no means! It is eclipsed altogether by another place some seven miles off, far older, far grander, and far more revered. Its name is Blackmonks—Blackmonks Priory—and its owner is Lord Landsdowne.”

“Oh! and the village has taken its name from the priory?”

“Exactly. Long ago, when Mary was queen in England, this priory of Blackmonks was founded there, under her patronage. When Elizabeth came into power, the monks were sent adrift, and Baron Landsdowne, a sturdy old warrior, whose portrait still adorns the grand entrance-hall, took this place. It has been in the possession of the Landsdownes ever since, and is likely to be while the race lasts.”

“Is the present Lord Landsdowne resident at the priory?”

“Not when I was there—he was on the continent with his lady. He must have been a fine fellow, for he was idolized in the place. I think I would like Blackmonks; it is quite magnificent in its ancient grandeur, I assure you. Hazelwood dwindles into nothing beside it.”

“And Mr. Hazelwood is not liked in Monkswood?”

“Why, the fact is, mademoiselle, he is looked upon as a good deal of a stranger, and considered of an intruder. He is a Yankee, too—I beg your pardon,” seeing her flush hot; “and, in short, there is no love lost between them. Perhaps it may be different now—I will find out when I go there.”

“Are you going there?”

“Yes; I have business in Essex. Well, sir, what do you want?”

This last was addressed to one of the cabin-waiters who approached them. The man wanted Miss Hazelwood—the sick young lady in No. 35 had sent him in search of her; and Eve had to go.

That evening’s conversation was but the beginning of many. Señor Mendez was cheering—he begged the long hours for her with wonderful stories of his adventures in India, Africa, and China, and the Holy Land—Eve thought the Thousand and One were nothing to him. Then, too, after the first week, D’Arville was able to come up, a little wan and spectral at first, after his sickness—but Eve blushed frankly at seeing him, and held out her hand with a shy grace, that might have bewitched old Diogenes himself. Very pleasant to Miss Evangeline Hazelwood was the voyage after that; at least, the hours spent on deck; for Hazelwood kept sick still, and was cross and querulous, and monopolized Eve half the time. And Eve, being good-natured and kind-hearted, and very fond of the impatient little invalid, read to her, and sung to her, and retailed Señor Mendez’s stories, and brought daily little messes to tempt the flagging appetite. Doctor Lance, being as poor a sailor as his elder ward, was invisible also; and though Paul Schaffer made his appearance on deck, Eve was very little troubled with him. Once, finding her alone, he had attempted to accost her with his customary cool nonchalance, but La Princesse had drawn back and up, with eyes that flashed black flames, and had swept past him in such superb, silent scorn, that even he never attempted it again. Eve had not seen the ominous smile with which he looked after her, nor heard his half-muttered words.

“My bird of Paradise sails high, but I think I will clip her glittering wings before long. La Princesse reigns it right royally, but I think I will humble her pride before she is many weeks older. Be as scornful as you like, my dear Eve—smile as sweetly as you please on Monsieur Mendez—we will change your tune when you are Madame Schaffer; for Madame Schaffer you will be, in spite of earth and all it contains!”

From that time until the end of the voyage, Monsieur Schaffer never attempted to address Eve when alone; but when others were with her, and she could not, without exciting remark, help answering him, he was ever near, in spite of brightly angry glances, forcing an answer with her reluctant lips.

When they entered the railway-carriage, at Southampton, it was he who handed her in, leaving Miss Hazel, who had a sick and sea-green look still, to the care of D’Arville. He sat beside her, too, all the way; for he was going to Essex first; he might as well travel with company

der as fifteen years before; and Una Forest at thirty was a very prepossessing little person, indeed. She floated forward now, in a dress of gray silk prettily made and trimmed, a smile on her pale, thin lips, and a hand extended to each of the girls.

"At last!" she said, in the soft, sweet voice of old, touching first the cheek of Eve, then of Hazel, "welcome to England and to Hazelwood Hall."

"Thank you," Eve said, a little timidly, while Hazel stared at her in silence. "You are Miss Forest, of course."

"Yes, my dear; and you are the little baby Evangeline. I left in New York over fifteen years ago: grown out of all knowledge. And this is the three-year-old Hazel, who used to torment me so, looking the younger of the two. And this gentleman?"

She paused, looking composedly at D'Arville, who stood in the background. He stepped forward, on hearing himself invited, with an easy bow—his composure as matchless as her own.

"I am Mr. Hazelwood's secretary, madam. My name is D'Arville."

Miss Forest bent her fair little head in silent greeting, and turned once more to look at Eve.

"How very tall you have grown, my dear, and how much older than your age you look! Your voyage doesn't seem to have affected either of you much; were you sick?"

"Hazel was; I had the good fortune to escape."

"Ah, you may well call it good fortune! I know what sea-sickness is! Was the voyage pleasant?"

"Very! We had a number of friends on board—all the way with us, in fact—and the time went like magic."

"Speak for yourself," cut in Miss Hazel. "I dare say it went like magic for you and your old Spanish beau, but I could tell a different story—pent up in a stub-tub of a state-room. There wasn't an hour from the time we started till we landed I didn't wish might be our last, if only for spite to see the way you acted; and I used to pray fervently the steamer might run into a rock or a mermaid, or something, and pitch head first to Davy Jones, and so end it all!"

Miss Forest's light-blue eye and smiling face were turned on the spirited speaker of this reckless avowal, studying her as she had been studying Eve.

"You have not changed, I see, my dear; the Hazel of three years lives yet in the Hazel of eighteen. And now, where is Doctor Lance? Is he with Mr. Hazelwood?"

"He has gone back," said Eve. "He went by the express last night to London, and starts in the next steamer for New York."

"A flying visit! I should like to have seen him. Have you been through the house?"

"Oh, yes," said Hazel, "we've been through it, and, except the prison up in Sing Sing, that they took me to see once, I never went through a more ghostly place! Isn't it full of ghosts?"

Miss Forest's eyes and smile were on Hazel again. Eve looked nearly as shocked as the old butler had done, and D'Arville intensely amused.

"I really don't know. I never saw any."

"Well, it must be full of rats anyhow, and they're as bad, if not worse. They'd no more keep such an old rat-trap as this standing in New York than—Oh, Eve! here is Paul and Senor Mendez! I declare if they're not."

Hazel sped off down-stairs in an ecstasy. Eve looked out of the window, and saw the two gentlemen in question just going up the stone steps leading to the front door.

"Friends of yours?" Miss Forest inquired, looking in calm surprise on Eve. "I did not know you had any in the village."

"We knew them in Canada," Eve answered, coloring suddenly, and the two looking at her wondered inwardly which of them the blush was for. "I suppose I must go down."

"Of course, and I must go and see about my household affairs. I came here directly on arriving. Farewell—luncheon-hour is at two; at six we dine."

She bowed in her easy, graceful way and left them. Eve, her face still hot, spoke to D'Arville without looking at him.

"Are you coming down, Monsieur? They will want to see you."

"Do you think so?" he said, meaningly.

"Of course. Come!"

She led the way down-stairs, without waiting, and D'Arville followed her. In the grand and gloomy drawing-room they found Hazel chatting away like a magpie to the gentlemen. She was painting their portraits in vivid colors, and her auditors wore laughing faces, but both turned eagerly to the door when Eve entered. She gave her hand frankly and cordially to Senor Mendez, but she just touched Mr. Schaffer's extended digit, as if it had been red-hot, and dropped it again.

"You see we have found our way to Hazelwood Hall," Schaffer said. "A fine old place, but nothing to Black Monk's Priory. Senor Mendez and I were over there this morning."

"That's great pleasure, to say it's nice than this," said Hazel, contemptuously. "It's another old vault, I suppose. Oh, give me a brownstone front on Fifth avenue, and you have my idea of heaven on earth at once!"

"You shall have it," said Mr. Schaffer, in a voice audible only to her, "when you and I go back to New York together. You ought to see it, Miss Hazelwood," raising his tone. "Hazel, not fancy it, but I am sure you would."

"She saw Lady Lansdowne last night, and fancied her excessively. Did you not, Miss Eve?" asked Senor Mendez.

"I told you I thought her a most beautiful woman, and," rather mischievously, "I think she affected herself, senior, even more than I, for you turned as white as that marble bust up there at sight of her!"

"Was it at sight of her?" said Senor Mendez, coolly. "I thought I told you it was a spasm."

"Oh, yes, you told me that, of course; but I know you watched the carriage out of sight, and inquired very particularly about her from the lodge-keeper. Is the Priory shown to visitors?"

"Not when the family are at home, as now," said Mr. Schaffer. "I was disappointed in my hopes of going through it to day, and I hope the family may make their exodus soon for my benefit. We saw the grounds, though, and the exterior of the mansion, and very magnificent both are. What is more, we saw Lord Lansdowne, though I should have preferred seeing his lady."

"And is he as lovely to look at as she seems to be?" inquired Hazel.

"No, he is not what you girls would call handsome; he is tall and stately, gentlemanly, and rather distinguished-looking, grave and middle-aged."

"Grave!" said the Cuban. "I should say so! His face is that of a man whose life has been a great mistake."

"Do you judge from faces?" asked D'Arville, speaking for the first time. "If so, I should

like you to see the mistress of this establishment, and read me her character. I have been puzzling over it ever since I saw her."

"Is she a study, then?"

"Is she pretty?" that's the question?" interrupted Paul Schaffer. "A pretty woman never can be very disagreeable."

Senor Mendez looked at the last speaker, and so sweet a smile, so bitter, so cynical and so scornful came over his face, that a new light dawned on Eve's mind. It broke on D'Arville's, too, and he spoke:

"Senior Mendez has lost faith in the sex, but it is not fair to judge all by one. Miss Forest is no common woman, and not to be judged by common rules. She is pretty, too, but it is a strange type of prettiness—unfamiliar to me."

"The more charming, then, I should think," said Paul Schaffer. "Prenez garde de tomber, Monsieur D'Arville!"

Monsieur D'Arville's lips curled at the insinuation, and just then there was a tap at the door. D'Arville opened it, supposing it to be a servant, and was taken rather aback to find himself confronted by the fair, still face and soft gray dress of Miss Forest herself. He stepped back, holding the door open for her to enter, but she declined.

"Do not let me disturb you! Mr. Hazelwood desired me to tell you to go to him directly after luncheon, and luncheon waits now."

She was gone again. D'Arville closed the door and looked at the rest.

"Is that the Marble Bride turned Quaker?" asked Mr. Schaffer. "Her voice is like the music of the spheres, though I can't say I ever heard that melody."

"I take it upon myself to say that is Miss Forest," said Senior Mendez.

"And something out of the common—do you not think so?" inquired D'Arville.

"Decidedly, or she would have invited us to luncheon," said the creole gentleman, rising; "but as she has not, we make our exit. Miss Eve, Miss Hazel, you should go down and see Monkswood; it is worth the journey, I assure you."

"We will," said Eve, "and perhaps this afternoon. Eh, Hazel?"

"All right," said Hazel. "I was bound to go any way; and what's more, I am going to call at the Priory, too. Will you gentlemen chaperone us—we might go astray in this barbarous land."

The gentlemen ascertained that they would only be too happy and blessed to do so, and took their departure, and the trio sought the dining-room. Miss Forest was waiting there, before a table glittering with silver and cut-glass, and took her place at the head at once.

"I have grown so accustomed to being alone on these occasions," she said, smilingly, "that I fear I have half-forgotten how to preside. Decidedly, or she would have invited us to luncheon," said the creole gentleman, rising; "but as she has not, we make our exit. Miss Eve, Miss Hazel, you should go down and see Monkswood; it is worth the journey, I assure you."

"You are worse off than Robinson Crusoe," put in poor Hazel, "for he had a man—Friday."

Miss Forest only noticed this speech by a cold stare, and went on carving the pie. It was not a very comfortable meal; for the solemn old butler hovered in the background, glaring upon them all in a awful silence, and Miss Forest was so very ceremonious and stately, that it completely took away even Hazel's appetite.

"I declare, Eve, I'm starving!" she burst out, when it was safely over at last, and they were alone, D'Arville having gone to Mr. Hazelwood's apartments. "I'll be skin and bone shortly, if this state of things continues. I have so much to do to clean out the red niggers right off."

"It may not be so easy; but I'm agreeable. We do need water, and I don't know where we can find it short of the moat where we ambushed the Red Hawks, unless we do try these rascals. It may be tough work, but we're used to that. Hallo, there, boys!" he added, raising his voice. "This fellow here says you're burning for a chance at the red-skins yonder. It is so!"

The answer came as with one voice; Murph. Toole had exactly expressed their wishes. They had not forgotten the marvelous tales told by the outlaw, Dick Croghan, during the past day and night, of the great stores of gold that the Cayguas had amassed. He declared that, in the little basin where the cannibal village stood, gold lay around in nuggets common as the sands of the desert—that the very walls of their lodges were built of the precious metal. And, though they affected to laugh at and ridicule the stories, the wonder-loving bordermen confidently expected to reap a rich harvest of plunder.

"What do you think of this move?" Perry Abbot asked Old Bull's-Eye, as they plodded along through the fast-deepening shades of night.

"It's the best thing we can do, for, though we will be apt to see some tough fighting, we must have water, and that soon. I don't believe one-half of us could live through the trip back to the nearest water-hole. It was always scarce enough, but this big fire has licked up every drop as far as it went—which is hundreds of miles, I take it."

It was barely possible that the brief fight with Shkote-nah had passed unnoticed by the Cayguas at the village, and acting upon this supposition, the Man-hunters pressed on in hopes of effecting a complete surprise. They did not know how strong a force they would have to face, but with reckless daring paused not to count that chance. They knew that they must win their way to the springs of the basin, or perish of thirst in the desert. There was no alternative.

The distance proved deceptive, the traveling difficult and laborious, and their horses being jaded, the eastern horizon was already growing gray when they reached the circle of vegetation that surrounded the low hills. The gray rocks frowned down upon them, but all was silent. Not a sound stirred the air save as the horses greedily cropped the short grass, while Toole and Old Bull's-Eye advanced to reconnoiter.

They soon returned. Nothing suspicious had been seen or heard. They had discovered a pass that appeared to lead into the basin, and had examined it for some little distance. It was practicable for horsemen, but an enemy, if upon the alert, could inflict terrible damage upon any who attempted to follow the pass, by hurling rocks from the heights above.

"It may be that they haven't seen us, but to make sure, I will go ahead on foot, with a couple of good men, and if there is any ambush, we will be apt to spring it," said the scout.

"I am certain that is the same old woman. There she sees us, and is gone!"

The old woman had caught sight of them, and she and her female companion disappeared among the trees. The man turned round and advanced. Paul Schaffer it certainly was, and as much at his ease as ever.

"What?" was his greeting. "You, too, here! Well, this is an unexpected pleasure!"

Hazel looked at him with jealous eyes.

"Is it a pleasure, sir? Who were those two women you had with you there?"

"Oh, you saw them, did you? Gipsies, of course; didn't you see their red cloaks? There's an encampment of them in the woods, and I was having my fortune told."

"Eve says it's the old woman we saw at Madam Schaffer's fate—the fortune-teller, we know."

"Very well—choose your men," briefly replied D'Arville.

"Murph Toole for one—he can pick out another," said Old Bull's-Eye, passing back to where Carmela and Anita were. "You girls must keep back here out of danger. You look after them, Abbot."

"I'm going with you," quietly, but firmly uttered Carmela.

"You must not—there, don't put on that look, little one. Remember I have the right to command your obedience now, since I am your father. You will stay!"

"If you say I must," pouted the maiden.

Old Bull's-Eye kissed her tenderly, and then hastened away. He, with Toole and another, looked to their rifles and entered the pass. This was narrow, scarcely affording room for two horsemen to pass abreast, the sides nearly perpendicular for fifty feet, then breaking into thousand cracks and crevices, affording good cover for a thousand men, if need be. If the Cayguas had observed the pale-faces, it would be difficult dislodging them.

"We're they both old women, Paul?" Hazel asked, taking his arm, and quite reassured.

"Of course! Come, Senor Mendez is waiting somewhere, and we are going to take you to see Black Monks. Oh, here he comes with the fly; and now, my dear Hazel, you will see something that will eclipse the whole Fifth avenue, with Madison square thrown in! There is not a finer place in England, they tell me, than Black Monk's Priory."

"And is he as lovely to look at as she seems to be?" inquired Hazel.

"No, he is not what you girls would call handsome; he is tall and stately, gentlemanly, and rather distinguished-looking, grave and middle-aged."

"Grave!" said the Cuban. "I should say so! His face is that of a man whose life has been a great mistake."

"Do you judge from faces?" asked D'Arville, speaking for the first time. "If so, I should

Old Bull's-Eye, THE LIGHTNING SHOT OF THE PLAINS.

BY JOSEPH E. BADGER, JR.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE CANNIBALS' STRONGHOLD.

To at least three hearts the dying words of Chiquita proved a bitter blow. Dugrand had hoped to find at least a daughter. Though Old Bull's-Eye had found the child for whom he had hunted through many a long, weary year and Carmela had found the father she had often speculated about, the relationship seemed a tame and unsatisfactory one after "what might have been," only for this death-bed revelation.

"Well, little one," said Old Bull's-Eye, soberly, "you'll have to make the best of it. Your life hasn't been much the better for a father thus far, but, please God, I'll try and make amends."

Carmela received his embrace quietly, but her face was pale and her lips quivered. However, it was but natural that she should be affected by this strange finding of a parent.

Old Bull's-Eye, assisted by Perry, Luis, Toole and others, soon scooped out a grave in the soft sand, and all that was mortal of Chiquita—or Dolores Vermillye—was soon hidden from view. The sconce bowed over the rude-grave for a few moments, and may have breathed a silent prayer, but none was uttered audibly. Nor was there a tear dropped as the party turned away. A strange life had led—a strange burial was hers.

Old Bull's-Eye, assisted by Perry, Luis, Toole and others, soon scooped out a grave in the soft sand, and all that was mortal of Chiquita—or Dolores Vermillye—was soon hidden from view. The sconce bowed over the rude-grave for a few moments, and may have breathed a silent prayer, but none was uttered audibly. Nor was there a tear dropped as the party turned away. A strange life had led—a strange burial was hers.

Old Bull's-Eye, assisted by Perry, Luis, Toole and others, soon scooped out a grave in the soft sand, and all that was mortal of Chiquita—or Dolores Vermillye—was soon hidden from view. The sconce bowed over the rude-grave for a few moments, and may have breathed a silent prayer, but none was uttered audibly. Nor was there a tear dropped as the party turned away. A strange life had led—a strange burial was hers.

Old Bull's-Eye, assisted by Perry, Luis, Toole and others, soon scooped out a grave in the soft sand, and all that was mortal of Chiquita—or Dolores Vermillye—was soon hidden from view. The sconce bowed over the rude-grave for a few moments, and may have breathed a silent prayer, but none was uttered audibly. Nor was there a tear dropped as the party turned away. A strange life had led—a strange burial was hers.

Old Bull's-Eye, assisted by Perry, Luis, Toole and others, soon scooped out a grave in the soft sand, and all that was mortal of Chiquita—or Dolores Vermillye—was soon hidden from view. The sconce bowed over the rude-grave for a few moments, and may have breathed a silent prayer, but none was uttered audibly. Nor was there a tear dropped as the party turned away. A strange life had led—a strange burial was hers.

MY OLD AUNT JANE.

BY JOE JOT, JR.

Kind-hearted soul of my young years
Smooth be the turf and grassy!
She always met me with a smile,
And "Lors a mercy massy!"

Whatever way her fate might be
She bore it all with patience;
Kind words she used on every hand,
And snuff on all occasions.

She gave her counsel seasoned with
Full many a scriptural passage.
And met the poor beside her door
With "John, bring out them sassidge."

No matter what the day might be
She looked on it with a smile;
Her temper well and old preserved—
And quinoes in their season.

She treated all with due regard,
No faults or others casting;
Thus made friendly ties she knit—
And stockings that were lasting.

Bright bright was her eye with hope and love
As though this life she wended;
Her careful judgment e'er was good—
Her chicken pot-pies splendid.

In looking upon others' woes
Her eyes went often swimming;
She wore her graces with meek heart,
And hat with little trimming.

Peace sat upon her brow serene,
And proved her life-long blessing;
Wise words were ever in her mouth,
Her pipe was never missing.

My maiden aunt, through all the years
Her memory shall sweeten!
Her kindness never was surpassed—
Her spongecakes never beaten.

The Snow Hunters:
WINTER IN THE WOODS.BY C. DUNNING CLARK,
AUTHOR OF "YOUNG SEAL-HUNTER," "IN THE
WILDERNESS," "CAMP AND CANOE,"
"ROD AND RIFLE," ETC., ETC.

VIII.—Jack Edge's Adventures.

WHERE WAS JACK?
The boy had followed persistently upon the steps of the particular moose which he had marked down as his prey, forgetting all else but the determination to kill that moose, if he followed him to Labrador. Jack Edge had in him the stuff of which we make our heroes—a determination which stood him in good stead in manhood, when we stood shoulder to shoulder in a struggle for life or death under sunnier skies than these. Then I saw Jack Edge, when the regiment, riddled by grape and torn by shell, was wavering—when the color-guard had fallen, man by man—when the colonel, shot through the heart, fell, with his colors in his stiffened hand, and all seemed lost—then the stern determination of the man, as shadowed in the boy, flamed out.

"Give me the flag!" he cried. "Steady, Twenty-fourth! Old Jack is with you!"

They followed him with cheers and inscribed a new name upon their colors. This was the Jack Edge of other days.

Look at him now, flying on in the track of the moose over the snow. There was no crust, and the heavy animal broke through at every leap, and yet he held his own, gallantly. Once Jack was tempted to fire at him from behind, but knew that only a chance shot could reach a vital part, in his present position. He toiled on, the white dust flying from his shoes, while the maddened moose plunged forward through the snow, staining it with his blood—for he had been hit while coming out of the "ravage."

Jack was gaining, almost imperceptibly, but still gaining, inch by inch. The moose knew this, and redoubled his efforts to escape. He literally palpitated with fear and rage, as the rapid click of the snow-shoes told that the tireless pursuer was still upon the track. Animals are not reasoning beings, but there are times when they seem to reason, as in this instance, for at a place where the snow was not quite so deep, the desperate moose turned suddenly and charged Jack Edge, his broad, palmated horns lowered, and the blood dropping from his muzzle staining the white drifts.

Jack was taken completely by surprise, and being new in snow-shoes, could not turn as rapidly as he would have liked. He knew better than to fire then, with the chance only at the guarded front of the infuriated beast; but, in turning, he caught his foot and plunged head foremost into the drift. The moose, utterly astonished at this movement of his enemy, paused but a moment and then broke away again in his flight, and Jack arose to see his game speeding away again at his best speed.

"Confound the luck!" muttered Jack, as he recommenced the chase. "Who expected the big thief to charge in that way? Go it! I'll follow if it takes all winter."

Again Jack began to gain, and once more the moose turned at bay and charged. This time the young huntsman was ready, for as the game wheeled, Jack sighted fairly behind the shoulder and gave it to him. He knew how to shoot, for Dave had been tireless in his teaching; the great beast gave a sort of half-human groan, and dropped lifeless on the snow.

Jack drew a long breath of relief, loaded his rifle carefully, and again advanced to satisfy himself that his work was well done. He drew his knife and opened the throat of the dead animal, and then sat down on the warm body to rest. As he did so, he noticed that the wind was rising.

"This won't do," he thought. "The tracks will be filled up, and I can't find my way back."

He again drew his knife and succeeded, after a great effort, in severing the head of the moose, a trophy which he would not give up, and swinging the rather heavy burden across his shoulders, he started back. He had not gone far when he became satisfied that it would not be easy to get back loaded down with the head, so he hung it on a limb, after cutting out the tongue. Boy-like, he did not propose to give up every token of his victory. By this time the wind was blowing furiously, and Jack realized that he was in danger.

He paused and looked about him, for he could no longer see the tracks which the moose had left in the snow. The wind was blowing from east to west, and he was traveling north, so that if his friends were within hearing distance, their shouts would never reach his ears.

"It's no use fooling," thought Jack. "I've got to get somewhere or I'll have trouble."

He kept on for an hour, until satisfied that he was out of his latitude. Close at hand was a low range of rocky hills, and he hurried toward them, hoping to find shelter from the storm by getting in the lee of the rocks. When he reached them he was surprised to find an opening in the rocks forming the entrance to a sort of cave.

"I'm in luck," cried the boy hunter, joyfully. "Hip, hip, hip hurrah. Now, where is my lantern?"

Jack had been laughing at in the city when he bought a dark lantern, but he had it, and

always carried it ready to light. It was a very diminutive affair, and getting in the lee of the rocks, he struck a match and lit its little lamp.

Then, slinging his rifle to his back, he stepped into the entrance, and in a moment more was in a room perhaps twelve feet square, with a hard stone floor and stalactites hanging from the roof.

"Hooray!" exclaimed Jack; "I'll bring in a lot of wood and light a fire and make a night of it."

Leaving his lantern on the floor, Jack went out and succeeded in dragging a quantity of wood into the cave. Having done this, he began to light a fire, when he heard a purring sound, like the breathing of a cat, at the upper end of the cave.

"What in the world is that?" thought Jack, taking up the lantern. "Let's investigate a little."

"Walking quickly in the direction of the sound, he saw two beautiful little animals about the size of cats lying upon a pile of dry leaves. The moment he saw those animals the boy-hunter was seized with a desire to get out of that cave as quickly as possible, for these little creatures were young panthers!

Jack caught up his lantern and started for the mouth of the cave, but he had hardly done so when he heard the cry of a panther close at hand.

There was no chance of escape; so, springing back into the cave, he pushed the blazing heap which he had lighted into the entrance of the cave, and dropping on one knee, laid his rifle in the hollow of his hand and waited. He was not a moment too soon for he heard the sharp cry of the panther again, and saw a long, graceful body glide into the outer opening to the cavern. It was a female panther bearing in her mouth a piece of meat, doubtless torn from the mouse which he had killed.

Few wild animals are to be found which do not dread the sight of a blazing fire, and the panther was no exception to the rule. Seeing the fire she bounded suddenly back into the gloom and Jack could see two fiery eyes gleaming like stars while a fierce yell broke the silence, answered by a shrill snarl from the little animals in the leaves.

The gas had not been lighted in the crystal lily-cups which drooped from the lofty ceiling, but from the steel-polished grate the soft light of seal oil fell in crimson shades over the elegant parlor, and over the two fair girls close together upon the purple velvet ottoman in front of the cheery blaze.

Over the white brocade and golden waves of hair which surrounded the fair, aristocratic face of Blanche Heyford, and over the shimmering waves of lilac silk and frosty lace which fell in lustrous folds to the mossy carpet—that beautiful carpet, so trailed with feathery green ferns and vines, that one hardly knew whether they stepped on the floor of a Fifth avenue parlor, or a nook of living, waving green in a summer woodland.

The soft firelight shone, too, on the sweet face, large, dewy, brown eyes, and darker brown braids of Juliet Wells—dear, brave soul, true-hearted little Juliet, who had come from her simple home in the mountains of New Hampshire to spend a winter with her gay New York cousin, and to whom, used as she was to the steady New England ways, the manners and customs of the Gothamites were sometimes a mystery.

Juliet's dress was a fine, soft cashmere of glowing garnet, for, though not quite poor, she had not her stately cousin's wealth, and kept her silks for Sunday. But every curve and turn of her daintily rounded figure was displayed by the exquisite fit of the simple robe, and the delicate lace at her throat and wrists was scarce softer or whiter than the shell-tinted skin it shaded.

A silver arrow with a diamond flashing head fastened Blanche Heyford's abundant tresses, but from Juliet's nut-brown braids drooped, as their only adorning, a single waxen spray of fragrant white hyacinths, whose delicate perfume stole softly out on the warm air.

"A kind lady brought them this morning," said the little girl's mother, with a smile, as she saw his glance. "She said you told her of us last night."

St. John's heart warmed. Then Blanche had been here, after all! She had thought better of her words, and brought her sweet presence to lighten this poor sick-chamber.

"I did tell some ladies about you last night," he said, with a glad smile. And as he spoke his eyes fell on something beyond the basket of fruit—a tiny glass, holding a fragrant spray of little white flowers—a cluster of waxen, white hyacinths.

He recalled the flowers Juliet had dropped the night before—he had never seen Blanche wear any like them, and the doubt came back to his heart.

"That is sweetest of all," said the little girl; "the lovely lady brought them, too; they are her favorite flowers, she said. I never had any so pretty before."

"Was she a tall lady, with light hair?" he asked.

"No, sir; she was a little lady, with dark hair and such pretty brown eyes."

"She was one of earth's angels, I am sure of that," said the child's mother, fervently.

"She promised to come again, and I am so glad," said the child.

And St. John felt that he was glad, too, and somehow it was Juliet's face, instead of Blanche Heyford's, which followed him all day.

He did not go to Mr. Heyford's again for two or three days. When he did go, neither of the ladies asked after his little waif, and he volunteered no information.

But he noticed that Juliet's face colored and wore a conscious look when his glance rested upon it. And in the sick-room he found almost daily traces of her presence.

It was two or three weeks, however, and the little invalid was slowly but surely recovering, before they met there. Then Juliet was much confused, and would have made her escape as soon as she could.

St. John, however, rose to accompany her when she left, and when they were in the street together, he said:

"Miss Juliet, the day is almost like spring, I want you to take a little ramble in the Park with me."

"If Blanche would not be uneasy at my absence—" hesitated Juliet.

"I will take charge of Blanche's uneasiness,

and of you, too, so come," he said, smiling and drawing her hand through his arm.

So Juliet submitted, and let him take her to the Park. It was not long before they wandered to a secluded nook in the Ramble, and before a little rustic summer-house, St. John paused.

"It is warm and sunny enough to rest here a little," said he. "Let us go in."

They went in and sat down.

"Now," said St. John, "I want to tell you why I brought you here. May I?"

woman, who had evidently been used to a better home than the place where I found her. Of course I had a doctor sent there, and I saw that they were provided with some necessities, and then I came right away."

"It's very bad, I'm sure, and I'm very sorry," said Blanche, rising again; "and now, Juliet, if we mean to call on Miss Allison tonight we must get ready."

"I shall go there at an early hour in the morning, to see that poor little thing again," pursued St. John, almost without heeding Blanche's interruption. "Would you like to go with me, ladies?"

"Me! Gracious, no! I never go into such poor places for anything!" cried Blanche, almost pettishly.

"Not for the sake of doing good?" asked St. John, gently as a woman.

"Oh, I couldn't do any good! Of course, if money is needed, I'll give it, but to go myself where one sees all sorts of disagreeable things—bah! not for anything!"

"I can provide all the money needed, but a woman's sympathy and kindness go further than a man's in such cases," said St. John, almost coldly.

"Ol, well, there are plenty of women nurses to be got, who don't mind it. Of course such things happen in this world, but then one don't even like to hear of accidents and all that, it is so unpleasant, without going where one sees them."

"And how about those who not only hear the story, but must bear the pain, Miss Blanche?" asked St. John, still speaking coldly.

"It's a pity, to be sure. But then we can't help it, you know. Come, Juliet, we must get ready."

As Juliet passed Mr. St. John, as she followed her cousin to don cloaks and furs, the spray of white hyacinth fell from her hair, and dropped at St. John's feet.

With a bow, he picked it up and restored it. She received it with a mute motion of thanks, but as she looked up, he caught the sympathy expressed in her sweet face, and the sparkle of teardrops on her rounded cheek.

Left a moment alone, he leaned his head on her hand and sighed deeply, hurt by Blanche Heyford's selfishness. He had fast been making an idol of this beautiful girl. Was his golden image nothing but clay, after all? He sighed again, as the doubt crept strongly into his heart, for not worlds would Lester St. John link his life with a heartless, selfish woman.

When he invited them to accompany him in his call on the little wounded child, Juliet had been about to say, eagerly, "I will go," but Blanche's hasty refusal checked her. If she would not go herself, it would offend her friend, Mr. St. John. So Juliet said nothing, but she thought of it all the evening, while she made up her mind.

As the three passed from the carriage to the door, when they returned home, St. John felt a light touch on his arm.

He turned and met Juliet's earnest brown eyes.

"Mr. St. John, won't you please give me the little sick girl's street and number?" she asked timidly.

"Certainly." He gave the required direction, then with a sudden impulse, asked, "Why do you wish to know?"

"I—I thought we—Blanche might like to send some things to-morrow." And in the flood of lamplight streaming from the open front door, St. John saw the blush which stained her fair face.

"No doubt she will send something," he said, as they went in. But his tone was half sarcastic, and in the light of this evening's experience, he did doubt it, very much, and so did Juliet.

Business detained Mr. St. John, and it was afternoon of the next day before he went to see his little protegee again. Some one had been there before him. The little girl, who was better, though still in much pain, held a choice book of handsome pictures in her hand, and upon the little table a small basket glowed with purple grapes and sunny oranges.

"A kind lady brought them this morning," said the little girl's mother, with a smile, as she saw his glance. "She said you told her of us last night."

St. John's heart warmed. Then Blanche had been here, after all! She had thought better of her words, and brought her sweet presence to lighten this poor sick-chamber.

"I did tell some ladies about you last night," he said, with a glad smile. And as he spoke his eyes fell on something beyond the basket of fruit—a tiny glass, holding a fragrant spray of little white flowers—a cluster of waxen, white hyacinths.

He recalled the flowers Juliet had dropped the night before—he had never seen Blanche wear any like them, and the doubt came back to his heart.

"That is sweetest of all," said the little girl; "the lovely lady brought them, too; they are her favorite flowers, she said. I never had any so pretty before."

"Was she a tall lady, with light hair?" he asked.

"No, sir; she was a little lady, with dark hair and such pretty brown eyes."

"She was one of earth's angels, I am sure of that," said the child's mother, fervently.

"She promised to come again, and I am so glad," said the child.

And St. John felt that he was glad, too, and somehow it was Juliet's face, instead of Blanche Heyford's, which followed him all day.

He recalled the flowers Juliet had dropped the night before—he had never seen Blanche wear any like them, and the doubt came back to his heart.

But he noticed that Juliet's face colored and wore a conscious look when his glance rested upon it. And in the sick-room he found almost daily traces of her presence.

It was two or three weeks, however, and the little invalid was slowly but surely recovering, before they met there. Then Juliet was much confused, and would have made her escape as soon as she could.

St. John, however, rose to accompany her when she left, and when they were in the street together, he said:

"Miss Juliet, the day is almost like spring, I want you to take a little ramble in the Park with me."

"If Blanche